NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873. | VOLUME XXI.—No. 27. Price Ten Cents.

SAFE AT HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ELSIE MAY.

The angel-choir leaned breathlessly
Upon their harps of gold,
Forgot to sweep the tuneful strings,
Forgot to spread their snowy wings,
While noting the bright pageantry
To their rapt view unrolled.

Both smilingly and tearfully,
They looked through the dim sky,
Tears for the friends whose hopes were riven,
Smiles for the blest one entering Heaven,
Whose crown of immortality
A seraph poised on high.

On earth, sad hearts throbbed wearily
Above a pulseless breast—
Kind, true, and noble in his deeds,
With generous heart for human needs,
He left with them a memory
Fairer than monarch's crest.

No spices of the Orient
Embalmed the cast-off clay,
For lives like his, death never chains
Their influence, embalmed, remains,
And grows more pure and radiant
With every future day.

The warden at the battlements
Lifted the pearly bars,
And, as the convoy nearer came,
He softly breathed the *new, new name*,
Of him who left his cerements
To dwell above the stars.

Then Israfel, the chorister,
Touched lightly the lute string,
And soon the notes ascended higher,
Till, from the vast, unnumbered choir,
Arose an anthem, loftier
Than rarest dreams could bring.

O'er pain and death victorious,
Our loved friend is at rest;
While we are mourning at his grave,
Beside Life's sparkling river wave,
Intensely bright and glorious
He stands among the blest.

THE DEATH VISOR;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS KNIGHT.

THE LOST KING OF PERSIA:

A Thrilling Romance of Persepolis during the Reign of Prince Haradan.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SCOTT MARVEL,
AUTHOR OF "SHADOWS OF NIGHT," "CYNIC," "WOMAN WHO LAUGHS," "IN THE TOILS,"

CHAPTER VII.
BURDIS RETURNS TO THE KING.

Long and impatiently did the King await the coming of those whom he had sent for the fair Lena, and often did he curse, as the moments sped away without bringing their return. At length the sound of feet came upon the stairs, and a guard, who had been set upon the watch, entered.

"What news bring you?" asked the King, starting toward the soldier. "Speak out! Stand not trembling there. By the heavens, you had better not crush my hopes! What have ye seen?"

"Some of your messengers are returning, sire."

"Some, say ye? How many?"

"Six."

"How far from the palace are they?"

"A few steps, sire, and they will be here."

"It is the advance guard, while those who bear the maiden follow more slowly?"

"Those who come now, sire, bear with them the litter!"

Ha! Then they bring the maiden. Go and conduct them here at once!"

The guard had seen the litter borne with its crimson canopy sidling, and he knew that no maiden could be in it. But he dared not tell his thoughts to the king; so he withdrew, and shortly after Burdis entered.

"Now, Burdis, speak," uttered the King, in a quick tone. "Where is the maiden?"

"We could not take her, sire."

"Beware, Burdis—do not lie!"

"I speak the truth."

"Did you not take fifty men with you as an escort to the lady?"

"No, sire; I mustered but twenty."

"And what did they?"

"As God is my judge, we were vanquished by the twin Knights of Navarre, who were aided by one who was not mortal. The body of this knight was that of a man in life; but the head was that of death, glaring and horrible."

Here Burdis related all that had transpired at the castle; his attack upon the door, the battle, and his defeat. The King sank down upon his seat and looked the messenger full in the face. Thus he remained for full a minute, and then sprang to his feet and advanced toward Burdis, who recoiled from the threatening glances and assumed an attitude of defense.

"Burdis," he said, in a hoarse, husky voice, "I do not think you would lie to me."

"I could not, if I would!"

"Then tell me truly—did this youth Roch d'Ore slay many of the guard?"

"His ponderous sword cut a man in twain at every stroke.

"And this strange person of whom you were all alarmed?"

"He sprang out upon us as if dropped from the clouds, and his onslaught no man could resist. And the hideous face, grinning in death, struck terror to the hearts of all!"

"Then he must have slain some of my guard?"

"Full ten, if not more!"

"There is more than human work in this. The strange being has some powerful affright under his control. It must be so. But tell me, Burdis, how met the Duke the soldiers?"

"He was not there! But methinks the dispute, on receiving your royal message, but a subterfuge to allow the ladies to escape from the castle by some secret passage. But they, being frightened beyond the power to act with decision, sought but their own rooms, and upon the strength of the bolts and bars of the iron door they relied for safety."

"Ha! We shall settle that in some future time. Thy story is straightforward, and thou hast acted in good will."

Burdis was much relieved when he saw the King return to his seat; and he again related all the circumstances of his defeat just as they had occurred, save that he gave an extra coloring to the appearance of the Visor. When he had concluded, the King remained silent. He was in deep thought. Being naturally superstitious, his mind had something to dwell upon besides the disappointment he had suffered. But his energies were not by any means gone, and ere long his next step was planned.

"Now hear me, good Burdis," he said, speaking low and with energy. "Muster up one hundred men. Take the stoutest of our archers, and see that each man carries the javelin and the broadsword. And mark me, if ye meet this devil death's-head, command him to surrender; and if he hesitates, kill him at once, and bear the body with you. Take the Duke a prisoner if he offers not to aid you. Haste! And when ye have secured or dispatched these knights, the maiden may be easily taken."

"What of the Duchess?"

"The Duchess?"

"She will not part with the girl!"

"Cast her to the dogs! Obey my orders, or head thy followers to do it. Do you understand?"

This presented something tangible to the mind of Burdis, for now his men could fight at a distance, and he did not think the armor of the mysterious knight could withstand one hundred javelin heads, nor be impervious to the best and surest arrows in the kingdom; so he told the King he would obey, and then set at once about his mission.

"I'll have the maiden yet!" muttered the King, after Burdis had departed. "And when I do have her, I shall have well earned my right of possession. By my royal diadem, it possess her if it took every man in my kingdom to pay the price!"

CHAPTER VIII.
THE ESCAPE.

Both knights were astounded when they found the chamber empty, but they did not hesitate long; for one glance at the opening in the wall told them the way by which the inmates had so suddenly departed. Roch was on the point of bending his body to pass through the opening, when he heard voices in the darkness below, and presently the Death Visor, followed by the Duchess leading Lena, came out from the opening and into the room.

"Noble, generous knight!" exclaimed the Duchess, taking the hand of the young knight, "permit me to kiss your cheek, and, I, as the Duchess of Gladore, anoint thee Knight of Purity. And here take her, for thou hast won her dearly."

As the brave woman ceased speaking, she drew Lena towards her, and placing her daughter's hand in those of the knight, she said:

"You love her?"

"Oh, with every thought and feeling of my life!" quickly answered Roch.

"But you cannot always be with her," answered the Death Visor, speaking for the first time.

"I will marry her!"

"Not yet," replied the Visor. "And even if you did, it would not save her; for you must remember that the King will not give up his purpose. His next movement will be to send a body of lancers and archers and against javelins and arrow-heads your strength will not avail."

Roch saw the justice of these remarks; and after he had pondered a while, he asked what he should do to save Lena.

"She must go hence," replied the mysterious knight, "for she is no longer safe. I will take her with me and place her where the King will not find her, and you can go with me if you like."

"I would go and be with Lena, but not to flee from the King, for on the morrow I shall go to the palace. But promise me one thing—when Lena is hidden away, I may sometimes go and see her?"

"Most assuredly—only there must be a condition. You shall only go when I can go with you."

"And why so?"

"Do you not see that if the King allows you to go at large you will be watched? He knows that you love the maiden, and that you would be likely to visit her. Your steps would be followed accordingly, and Lena's place of concealment thus traced out."

"I see," returned the youth frankly, "and I will obey. But there is yet one other thing. How long must Lena remain concealed?—for I see not how the power or will of the King is to be overcome but by perpetual concealment."

"We will speak of that at another time. I can save her for the present, and as to the future I can see things which may not be explained now. But we must move quickly, for in all probability the King will send a host here as soon as his discomfited messengers return with their tidings of failure."

The whole manner of the mysterious knight seemed to be changed. His voice sounded no longer hollow and chilling, but tender and fatherly, and it at once won for him the confidence of all.

"Let us waste no longer," urged Roch, still clinging fondly to the being he so deeply loved.

"Yes; I will come for you as soon as is proper. But if you delay us now, ruin may fall upon all. Be wise, and you shall be the happier for it."

The youth understood the meaning of the knight, and with one more fond embrace, and one more sweet kiss, he handed Lena over to the Duchess.

Then the mysterious knight led the way through the opening in the wall to a dark, narrow passage, and then into a still darker one, until at last he came out into a narrow lane, which seemed to wind about on purpose for intricacy; and as the way was clear, they pushed on with quick steps, and before many moments elapsed the Duchess was surprised on finding the castle no longer in view.

Roch and Rupert watched the party till they had passed through the opening; and the panel being shot back in its place, they turned and passed out on to the corridor, and thence to the yard below. Here they found the bodies of those who had been killed in the skirmish. There may have been a momentary pang—a sensation of pain—as they gazed on the work of death; but it was only momentary, and the knights soon mounted their restless steeds and dashed away.

CHAPTER IX.
THE FUGITIVES.

Half an hour's walk brought the fugitives to the extremity of a dense thicket, and here the mysterious knight turned out from the road and entered a narrow path that led up to the right towards the mountains. This path lay through a low growth of bushes, with here and there clumps of trees, and in some places craggy rocks. At length a small cot was brought in sight. It was by the bank of a little stream, and secluded from view by a number of small fir-trees.

"Follow me more quickly, ladies," said the knight.

And as he spoke he moved towards the low door of the cot. There was a strange stillness about the place—a death-like stillness; but the poor fugitives were glad, and their hearts beat with joy as they gazed upon the rough-hewn cot before them.

There was only one apartment below, and in that there was a bed. At the head of the bed there was a small latticed window, about which clustered a mass of running flowers, and through which the soft, balmy breeze was now coming. The bed was soft and clean, and the floor of hard-packed earth was covered with matted straw. After entering the cot, the Knight motioned the ladies to be seated. And then, going to one corner of the cot, he drew from a small hole in the earth a bottle of wine and some pewter cups, which he placed on the fir-wood table, and then bade the ladies to drink. Then he left the cot, but soon returned, bearing across his arm the fore-quarters of a sheep. Depositing it in the same corner from which he had brought the wine, he proceeded to build a fire.

"Ladies," spoke the strange knight, "you are safe here. You will be amply provided for. I shall send a person here who will wait upon you. Remain within doors for several days; and when you walk out, go no farther than the banks of the stream, and in no other direction. Follow these directions, and you will not be discovered."

The Duchess was on the point of replying, when the mysterious knight motioned her to be silent.

"Speak not. These woods are not always clear of voices which would respond to thine. I shall leave you now. Be not alarmed at my absence, for it will be in quest of thy future safety."

"God bless thee!" murmured the Duchess. She would have spoken aloud, but the mysterious knight had gone.

CHAPTER X.
THE TWIN KNIGHTS—BURDIS AND MATTI—THE DEATH VISOR.

Burdis had assembled his forces in front of the palace, and was soon marching with all possible dispatch toward the castle of Aurlace.

The Duke knew nothing of the flight of Lena and the Duchess, for he had locked himself up in one of the chambers of the castle. He believed himself to be haunted by the ghastly visitor whom he had met in the corridor; and prompted by fear of injury at the hands of the mysterious knight, he was as quick to conceal himself as the knight had been to dash in upon the King's soldiers. Superstitious fears make cowards of many men, yet it was not this fear alone, but the pricking of his conscience, that made the Duke a coward. At other times he would have been cool, defiant, and resolute.

When Burdis and his followers halted in front of the iron gates of the castle of Aurlace, they prepared for an attack; but all was silent within the court.

Burdis, selecting four of his guard, among whom was one Matti, a pardoned homicide, entered the yard, and, after removing the bodies of the slain soldiers, proceeded in search of the missing girl. Along the corridor and through the hall Burdis and Matti prosecuted their search. At length they paused in front of the chamber in which the Duke had concealed himself.

"Ha, ha!" cried Burdis with a loud curse, as he tried the door and found it secured. "we have them at last. Now, Matti, strike the knights down, and your reward will be greater than your last pardon!"

The tramping of feet and loud voices in the corridor brought the Duke to the door.

"How now, good Burdis?"

"Seize him, Matti!"

And before the Duke could comprehend the meaning of his assailants, he was seized and securely bound.

"You shall pay for this insult!" he cried, endeavoring to free his hands from the grasp of Matti.

"Where is the girl?" demanded Burdis in a rough voice.

"At the palace, where you have taken her!" answered the Duke.

"It's a lie!" almost screamed the villain, enraged at his second defeat. "If she is not in the castle, you know where she has flown. And you would also declare that you do not know what has become of the twin knights, and their companion the Devil?"

"I do not!"

"Away with him, Matti! The red chamber of the palace will soon bring him to terms."

The Duke shuddered as he heard the words. Many a poor wretch had suffered there by his command, and now his turn had come.

"Matti," said Burdis, as the prisoner passed through the gates, "you send the relief guard with the prisoner to the palace. Order the remaining guard to proceed to camp, and then return here, for I have business of importance."

Matti at once proceeded to carry out the orders of his officer. Soon the soldiers were in motion. The guard having the prisoner started toward the castle, the body or palace guard proceeded in an easterly course, while the four guards who had accompanied Burdis in his search remained at the gate.

"Now, Matti," said Burdis, as that worthy approached, "we will retire to one of the upper chambers, and there I will communicate."

Passing along a dark corridor, and then ascending a short flight of stone steps, brought the two villains to one of the chambers of the castle. Having entered, they seated themselves at a small centre-table, and then began a low, hurried conversation.

"You understand me?"

"Kill in the dark!"

"Yes. Bribe old Haradas, if possible, into secrecy, and then you can follow out your plans without fear of discovery. The young knight must be killed; and if you follow my directions the reward shall be yours! Do you agree?"

"Yes; but how am I to find the cot?"

"By my directions. Here on this paper I will draw you the trail. Follow it like a hound, and you will be successful, and, I assure you, a favorite of the King's. And then you can follow out that plan."

"Enough! Give me the paper."

"Here it is. Follow but this chart, and you will not fail me. Now watch the path sharply. Here, at this corner, where I have marked the crescent, stands this castle. One league from here you will find cross-roads; take the left, follow it on until you see the mountains on your right, pass quickly on the trail and you will meet a stream. You see, I have marked it. Cross the stream at the narrowest point—you will then be close upon a forest. Do not enter the forest—keep in sight of the mountains on your right. Follow this path, and presently you will meet the mile, or summit tree. See where I have marked it for you? At the base of this tree, two paths meet—take the upper one. Do not lose sight of the mountains. From the base of this tree to the cot of Haradus, the companion of Roch d'Ore, is but the walk of an hour. Take not your horse past the mile tree, for his rattling hoofs might awaken suspicion."

"Aye; but what house is this down in the corner here?" inquired Matti, scanning the paper closely.

"It is a shepherd's cot; but go not there."

"But the path seems much shorter, and runs through the wood, and I would be free from observation."

"Yes; but you must go by the highway, and return by a path through the forest. I have marked it here —see?"

Burdis pointed out the path, and then began to explain the necessary precautions that must be followed to insure the success of their plans. They were now busily engaged in a deep and earnest conversation, and a slight noise, proceeding from the corridor without, attracted not their attention. Presently they were both startled from their seats by hearing a hollow voice, sounding as if by their very ears:

"Villains, thy doom is sealed!"

In an instant both men were out in the corridor, and, seeing no one, they dashed along the hall to the court-yard below.

During their absence from the room a small panel opened in the wall, and the mysterious knight stepped into the room. Walking directly to the table, he drew the paper before him, and then, drawing his huge sword, raised the hilt, the point resting upon the paper, until the blood, which was fresh upon the blade, trickled down upon the paper; and then, as if being satisfied, he turned and entered the opening, but did not close the panel. Soon after, Burdis and Matti entered the room. But the door was scarcely closed, when the same voice greeted their ears. This time, however, it proceeded from the opening. Matti gave one look at the horrible skull, and then sank almost paralyzed into a chair. But Burdis, worked into a pitch bordering on frenzy, drew his sword, and with one frantic dash made for the mysterious knight. But suddenly the panel closed, and the sword of Burdis was broken off at the hilt. His curses were loud and deep, and in vain did he try to find the secret spring of the opening. Turning towards Matti, he was horror-stricken to find his companion glaring wildly upon the paper before him: his eyes were protruding from their sockets, and his hands were tightly clasped upon the ridge of the table.

"In the name of God, man, what ails thee?" exclaimed Burdis, shaking Matti by the shoulder.

"Blood! blood! There is blood upon the paper!" muttered the terrified man.

"That death devil has spit upon it to frighten us," said Burdis in an assured tone, concealing the fear he felt at heart. "But what ails thee, man? Wilt thou be frightened by hobgoblins? Come and set upon your journey."

"I will none of it!"

"And wherefore?"

"Look upon the paper—an evil omen to him who carries it!"

"Will you balk me, Matti? By the rod of mine office, but thou shalt suffer in the red chamber for the death of Platus. What ho!"

"Stay, Burdis! I consent——"

"Then must murder him!"

"Enough!"

"Murder him, I say! And the *Devil* of Navarre?"

Here Burdis burst out in loud laughter, while Matti sat glaring at him, powerless to strike and free himself of one who was a curse to his existence.

CHAPTER XI.
THE BATTLE—MORE OF THE KING'S SOLDIERS FALL—THE KNIGHTS.

On dashed the knights over the hard, dusty road, urging their horses direct toward the cot of Haradas. The sun was now but an hour high, and dark, threatening clouds began to gather, portending a storm. Already a thick, mazy mist was observable in the mountain gorge through which the knights were now passing. Riding out of the ravine, they ascended the path which led in a winding course up the side of the mountain. They had not followed this path any great distance, when the sound of hoofs fell upon their ears behind them. They turned and saw two horsemen riding after them, and directly a third came in sight. They were at full gallop, and seemed to be upon some urgent errand.

"Perhaps they are messengers in search of me," said Roch, stopping by the side of the road.

"Let us wait, and inquire," said Rupert, watching the horseman with a suspicious eye.

"Maybe from the King."

"He would not have been likely to send three messengers, when one would have done as well."

The horsemen were now so near that Roch made no reply to the last remark of his companion. He moved farther towards the side of the road as they came up; but they did not stop, nor did they even nod. One of them our hero thought he had seen before; but where, he could not call to mind. The other two were entire strangers. All three were well armed, and mounted upon powerful steeds.

"Perhaps they are bound for Glador?" said Roch.

"I think not," replied Rupert; "and I will follow in the dust of their horses' hoofs, and learn their intent."

"Follow no farther than the summit tree," answered Roch, warningly.

Rupert did not reply, but dashed forward on a full gallop, and was soon lost in the distance. Roch rode on alone for some time; but as he was about to turn a bend in the mountain road, he was surprised to find that he was not alone. There, close by his side, stood a pilgrim. He was dressed in one of the long gowns of the time—the hood covered the head, and nothing could be seen of the face but a pair of quick, searching eyes. Roch felt an inward thrill of fear as he gazed down upon the hooded face before him; but it was only for an instant, and then he was again composed.

"What! on a journey, pilgrim?"

"To the Holy Land."

"Didst thou meet horsemen upon the road?" inquired Roch.

"I did."

"They are going to Glador, are they not?"

"Perhaps they are."

"The hut cannot be far away," muttered Roch, after they had proceeded for some distance in silence. "We shall not have to go far beyond these woods," said the pilgrim.

At this reply Roch gave the pilgrim a searching glance; but if he had suspicions of the man, he did not manifest any distrust, remaining silent. At length they reached the clearing in the wood, and here they changed their course and entered the forest-path again. They had only taken a few steps when Roch was confident that he heard the neighing of a horse. The pilgrim heard it too, and they both stopped and looked at each other.

"The presence of a horse in these woods is no uncommon thing," said the old pilgrim; "but yet I have a faint suspicion that in the present case all is not right. I think we had better be prepared for any emergency that may turn up."

For a moment there flashed upon the mind of the knight a feeling of distrust towards the pilgrim. It was faint and shapeless, yet he thought he had reason for it; but he said nothing of his doubts, being determined to await some further development.

"By the holy cross of Jerusalem!" uttered the pilgrim, "there are those three horsemen. If they mean us harm, we must defend ourselves."

"Aye; so we must," responded Roch, as he looked and saw the horsemen some little distance ahead. Then, turning to his companion, he added, with a slight tinge of derision in his manner, "But you do not seem to be overstocked with the means of defense."

"Never mind," said the old man. "This staff has served me in hard places before, and I shall depend upon it now."

The horsemen were now not more than twenty rods distant, and were slowly approaching the two pedestrians. They seemed to be consulting with one another on some important matter. At length, one of them drew his sword, and, turning to his companions, he said, loud enough to be heard by the knight:

"I'll take the old one, and you must look out for the other. Make no blunders now!"

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes," returned the knight, while his heart beat quickly in his bosom. He looked hard at the old man as he spoke, but he could see nothing in his countenance to confirm the suspicion he had entertained. The pilgrim had grasped his staff firmly in his hand, and his eyes were sparkling with the fire of youth. But the knight had not time for extended observation. The horsemen were upon him, and he drew his heavy sword from his scabbard.

"Hold! What want ye here?"

"We want the twin Knights of Navarre, and you are one of them!"

Our hero had time to see one of the horsemen aim a sword-stroke at the head of the pilgrim—he saw the sword fall, not upon the old man's head, but upon the oaken staff. Then he saw the staff whirl rapidly in the air, and the horseman come to the ground. All this had passed in a moment's time. Roch now became determined to fight to the bitter end. He sprang aside in time to avoid the blow aimed at his own head, and with a quick movement he cut the man before him a terrible stroke upon the face, which threw him from his horse. He had become estranged from the pilgrim, and was fighting his adversary on a little knoll far to the side of the road; and when the horseman fell, Roch turned quickly to lend his aid to the pilgrim. The horsemen were both dismounted, and were vigorously attacking the pilgrim, who was using his staff warding off the blows intended for his head. So bravely did he defend himself, that Roch involuntarily remained a spectator. Bounding upon him, upon like a staff, and the pilgrim was backing farther into the wood. At length one of the soldiers, with a quick thrust, tossed the staff from the hand of the pilgrim far into the road. The other, as quick to see his advantage, made one fierce cut at the pilgrim's head. But, ere the blow descended, a bright sword flashed in the air, and laid the assassin dead. The other shrank back, retreating step by step, closely followed by the pilgrim, until he was within reach of the knight, who quickly dispatched him at one fall of the sword.

"That is the last of the wretches!" exclaimed Roch, gazing down upon the corpse.

"Sir Knight," said a strange voice, "speed ye on to Haradas, and trust no living man but Rupert."

The knight quickly raised his head to look at the pilgrim. But the stranger's sword nearly fell from his grasp; for there stood the Death Visor, grinning more horribly than he had ever seen it before.

The knight was about to speak, when the mysterious man darted into the clump of bushes skirting the path, and disappeared. Roch pondered a long while on the apparition he had seen; and becoming almost convinced that it must be the Devil, he turned his horse's head and resumed his journey. At nightfall he came within sight of the cot. A few steps brought him to the door, when he was greeted by Rupert and Haradas, who were on the point of setting out in search of him.

The rain now began to fall in big drops, and soon the storm broke out in all its fury and violence. Through the livelong night the storm beat down upon the thatched roof of the cot, and anon the knights would start from their sleep, to listen to the crash of some mountain-oak being cast into the mountain-side into the rocky gorge below by the fury of the storm.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A REVERIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRETT SYLVESTER.

I saw beneath an aged oak,
Whose roots did clasp the solid rock,
A sympathetic issue, mad with glee
That from its prison it was free.
I smiled, and gazing on it, said,
In this gay stream my life I'll read;
No doubt it wanders far from here,
Winding through meadows bright and clear,
Sleeping beneath the vine's deep shade,
Mirroring back the leafy glades—
Laughing in glee, so full of life,
Dashing at rocks in mimic strife—
Until at last 'twill sink to rest
In the great river's loving breast.

Pondering thus, half in a dream,
I cast my eyes adown the stream,
When lo! scarce fifty yards did pass,
Until, mid stones and weeds and grass
And oozy mud, the stream did end.
Humbled in spirit I depart,
For deep within my inmost heart
I often feel that such will be
The fate that now awaiteth me—
To live and sparkle one short hour
And then lose all of grace and power,
And sink in shame at last to rest,
Not leaving in a single breast
A memory that I have lived.

THE LADY WITH THE VELVET BAND.

A STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

CHAPTER XII.
HOW THE LADIES USED TO HAVE THEIR PORTRAITS TAKEN IN 1793.

Hoffmann, on leaving the estaminet, was going to hail a coach; but the doctor struck his withered hands against each other, and the noise, which sounded like those of a skeleton, a coach, hung in black, drawn by two black horses, and driven by a coachman dressed in black, ran up. Where did it come from? Hoffmann could no more have told than Cinderella could have explained where the grand chariot had come from which drove her to the prince's ball.

A little groom, not only dressed in black, but invested with a skin of the same color, opened the coach-door. Hoffmann and the doctor got in, sat down side by side, and the carriage immediately drove off, without any noise, toward Hoffmann's hotel.

On reaching the house, Hoffmann hesitated a moment before going up to his room; he half suspected that he should hardly have turned his back before the carriage, the horses, the doctor, and the servants would vanish as suddenly as they had appeared. But what would have been the use of the doctor, the horses, the carriage, and the servants taking the trouble to convey Hoffmann all the way from the tavern to the Quai aux Fleurs, unless that transportation had an object in it? Hoffmann, being thus reassured by a simple appeal to logic, got out of the carriage, entered the hotel, flew up stairs, and rushed into his bed-chamber, took his palette, brushes, and color-box, selected the largest piece of canvas he had on hand, and returned down-stairs with the same rapidity.

The doctor's carriage was still standing at the door. The painting brushes, the palette, and color-box were deposited carefully within the carriage; the groom was ordered to take charge of the canvas. Then the coach rolled away as speedily and silently as before.

Ten minutes after it stopped opposite a neat little house in Hanover street, No. 15. Hoffmann remarked the name of the street, and the number of the house, in order that he might, in case of need, find his way back another time unassisted by the doctor.

The door was opened; the doctor was evidently well known, for the porter did not even inquire where he was going; Hoffmann followed the doctor with his tackle, and was suffered to pass on quietly unchallenged.

They went up to the first story and passed into an ante-chamber, which might have been taken for the entrance hall or vestibule of the poet's house at Pompeii. It will be recollected that at this period Greek decorations were all the fashion; Arsene's ante-chamber was therefore painted in fresco, adorned with bronze candelabras and statues. The doctor and Hoffmann next passed on into the drawing-room.

It was adorned after the Greek model, like the ante-chamber, hung with Sedan tapestry, at four guineas an ell, the carpet alone costing three hundred pounds. The doctor drew the young man's attention to the carpet, which was beautifully wrought, and represented the battle of Arbela, copied from the celebrated mosaic at Pompeii, that devoted town of Campania, which was swallowed up by an earthquake seventy-nine years after the birth of Christ. Hoffmann, who was dazzled by such extraordinary splendor and wasteful luxury, looked on with amazement, not being able to understand how people could have such carpets made to tread under their feet.

From the drawing-room they proceeded to the boudoir; that toilet-room was hung with cashmere. In the background, within a sort of alcove, stood a low bed, shaped like the sofa on which the painter Guerin has since depicted his Dido listening to the adventures of Eneas. There it was that Arsene had issued orders to show them in to wait for her.

"Now, my adolescent," said the doctor, "here you are at her house; it is your business so to behave as to improve the acquaintance. It is hardly necessary to say that if the titular lover should surprise you here, it would be all up with you, young man."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hoffmann, "let me see her again, let me but look upon her, and then——"

His words expired on his lips; he stared, with arms outstretched and heaving chest. A door, inserted and concealed in the wainscot, had just been opened, and behind a revolving mirror, Arsene, the real divinity of the temple, had that moment deigned to appear to her adorer.

She wore the costume of Aspasia in all its antique wantonness, with pearls in her hair, a purple mantle embroidered with gold, her long white robe fastened to the waist with a plain girdle of pearls, and, besides all this, the usual fantastic ornament which appeared inseparable from the other articles of dress, its ghastly egref of diamonds.

"Ah! it is you, citizen, who have undertaken to do my picture?" said Arsene.

"Yes," stammered Hoffmann; "yes, madame, and the doctor has kindly consented to become answerable for me."

So saying, the youth looked round for the doctor to support him; but the little man had disappeared.

"Well!" exclaimed Hoffmann, confused, "what does it mean?"

"What are you looking for? whom do you want, citizen?"

"Why, madame, I was—looking—for the doctor, who introduced me here."

"What further need have you of him, since you are introduced? The doctor is gone to his business; let us attend to ours, without losing time."

"I am at your orders, madame," said he, trembling all over.

"You consent, then, to do my picture?"

"I esteem myself the happiest of men to have been chosen for so great a favor; only, I am afraid—that——"

"Come, no false modesty with me. Well, what if you should not succeed? I can try another. He wants to have my picture of me. I saw you were looking at me at the theatre, like one who would not easily forget my likeness, so I gave you the preference."

There must be something of the devil in every woman; for although they look and speak like angels of light, they think like angels of darkness. She knew that she risked both their lives in having him there, yet there he was.

"Thank you—a hundred times thank you!" cried Hoffmann, devouring the sorceress with his eyes. "Oh! yes—yes, I have kept your likeness in my memory; here, here."

And he pressed his hand upon his heart. Suddenly he staggered and grew pale.

"What is the matter?" inquired Arsene, with the simplest look imaginable:

"Nothing," answered Hoffmann; "nothing; let us begin."

For when he put his hand to his heart, he had felt Antonia's portrait on his breast.

"Let us begin," continued Arsene; "that is easily said. In the first place, it is not with this costume he wishes me to be taken."

That word *he*, which had already twice occurred, went through Hoffmann's heart, as if it had been pierced with one of those golden hair-pins which held up the head-dress of the modern Aspasia.

"How, then, does he wish you to be painted?" inquired Hoffmann, with perceptible bitterness.

"As Erigone."

"The daughter of the Athenian Icarius, who was put to death by shepherds for having given them wine, which they took for poison?"

"Yes; and who hanged herself out of grief for her father."

"Very well; the wreathlet of vine-leaves will suit you admirably."

"You really think so!" said Arsene, affectedly; "and I think the panther-skin will not look much amiss."

Here she jingled a bell, and a chambermaid came in.

"Eucharis," said Arsene, "bring me the thyrsus rod, the vine-leaves and the tiger-skin."

After which, pulling out the few pins by which her coiffure was sustained, and shaking her head, Arsene shrouded herself within an undulation of black hair that fell over her marble shoulders like a cascade, rebounded on her full projecting hips, and spread themselves, thick and wavy, down along the very floor. Hoffmann could not retain a cry of admiration.

"Hey! what's the matter?" asked she.

"I never yet beheld such hair!" cried the youth.

"Therefore it is that *he* wishes me to profit thereby, and for that reason *we* have chosen the costume of Erigone, which will allow me to sit to you with dishevelled hair."

Meanwhile, Eucharis, the abigail, had brought in the vine-leaves, the thyrsus, and the tiger-skin.

"Is this all we require?" asked the syren.

"Yes, I think it is," stammered Hoffmann.

"Very well; leave us together, and don't come in, Eucharis, until I ring for you."

The pretty abigail withdrew, closing the door behind her.

"Now, citizen," said Arsene, "help me a little to adjust this coiffure; this is your affair. I always depend a great deal on the painter's judgment to adorn me."

"You do well!" cried Hoffmann; "oh,! how beautiful you will look!"

Then, snatching up the vine-twig, he twisted it around the head of the ballet-girl with that painter's art which lends so much value and beauty to everything; then, with a shudder that at first ran through his frame, he took hold of those long scented tresses, and with them interlaced those emerald and ruby leaves of the autumnal vine; and, as he had promised, beneath his hand the dancer became so beautiful, that, on glancing at the mirror, she uttered a cry of triumphant joy and pride.

"Oh! you spoke truly," said Arsene; "I am indeed beautiful, very beautiful. Proceed."

"How! proceed, what more?"

"Why, of course my costume as a priestess of Bacchus must be complete."

Poor Hoffmann began to understand.

"God help me!" he muttered.

Arsene, with a smile, loosened her purple mantle, with the single exception of one obstinate pin, which she in vain attempted to get at.

"Help me, then, can't you!" said she, petulantly; "or must I recall Eucharis?"

"No, no!" cried Hoffmann; and springing forward, he drew out the rebellious pin. The mantle fell at the feet of the lovely woman.

"There!" said the youth, letting go his breath.

"Oh!" said Arsene, "do you think that this tiger-skin will look well over this long muslin-gown? I think not. Besides *he* wants a real bacchante, not such a one as we see at the theatre, but as they are shown to us in the pictures of Caracci and Albano."

"But," objected Hoffmann, "in those pictures of Albano and the three Caracci, the priestesses of Bacchus are stark-naked."

"Well! *he* will have me so, excepting the tiger's skin, which I shall leave to you to put about me, as you think most becoming."

So saying, the remorseless wanton undid the waistband, and opened the clasp at her neck, so that the robe slid down along her beautiful person, and left it bare, as it gradually descended to her feet.

"Oh!" cried Hoffmann, falling on his knees, "it is not a mortal, but a goddess I behold."

Arsene pushed away the mantle and the gown with a motion of her foot. Then, taking the tiger-skin:

"Come," she said, "what are we to do with this? Help me, I say, citizen painter; do you think I am accustomed to *dress* myself?"

The ingenuous ballet-dancer called it dressing herself!

Hoffmann, tottering, intoxicated, bewildered, took the skin, fastened its gold talons over the girl's shoulder, and made her recline on the red couch, whereon she might have been taken for a statue of Parian marble, but for her heaving bosom, and her smiling, parted lips.

"Do I look well so?" she inquired, rounding her arm above her head, and taking a grape and apparently pressing it to her lips.

"Oh, yes, beautiful—very, very beautiful!" muttered the youth.

And the lover mastering the painter, he fell on his knees, and swiftly as thought itself he seized her hand and covered it with kisses. Arsene drew her hand away, more in surprise than anger.

"What are you doing?" said she, so calmly and indifferently that he put his hands over his face with vexation.

"Nothing, nothing," he stammered out. "I grow mad. Tell me, tell me, what did you send for me for?"

"To do my picture, that was all."

"Very well," said the young man.

And summoning all his resolution to his aid, he spread his piece of canvas over the easel, took his palette and his brushes, and began to sketch the voluptuous picture before him.

But the artist had reckoned too much on his strength; he soon threw down his palette and brushes; he sprang toward the beautiful bacchante, and imprinted a burning kiss upon her shoulder.

At that very moment the door was opened, and Eucharis darted into the toilet-room, with looks aghast, crying out:

"Citizen Danton is at the door."

In an instant, without giving time to think or speak, Hoffmann was pushed out of the boudoir by the two women; the door closed behind him, and mad with rage, love, jealousy, alarm, he tumbled down the stairs and got into the street, without knowing how.

But he had left witnesses to betray him; his painting brushes, his box of colors, his palette, and, above all, his hat, remained behind in the boudoir of the enchantress.

CHAPTER XIII.
A SCENE OF TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

What rendered Hoffmann's situation still more terrible, by adding humiliation to grief, was that he had evidently not been summoned to Arsene as a man she had noticed in the orchestra, but merely as a painter, a likeness-taking machine, a mirror that reflects those bodies that are held before it. Thence Arsene's indifference to throw off, one by one, all her garments in his presence; thence her astonishment when he kissed her hand; thence her anger, when, in the heat of the delirious kiss with which he had reddened her shoulder, he had proffered the word *love*.

And, truly, was it not ludicrous in him, a poor German student, who had come to Paris with three or four hundred thalers, to aspire to the favors of a ballet-girl in fashion, a girl entertained by the prodigal and voluptuous Danton? That woman did not care for sentimental speeches, she only cared for gold; her lover was not the man who worshiped her the most, but who paid her the highest. Let Hoffmann have more money than Danton, and the blood-thirsty demagogue would be thrust out of doors to make room for Hoffmann.

Meanwhile, it was very clear that the party ejected was not Danton, but Hoffmann. Hoffmann returned instinctively to the scene of his disgrace, and upon once. It is a sad commentary upon "what the morrow bringeth forth" that this man, who had assisted hundreds into the world, and without fee or reward had alleviated the sufferings of so many others, could not command the services of a physician to assuage the agonies of death and render his exit from life comparatively painless. The only physician found at home declined to attend without an advance fee; and in the absence of skilled hands to administer the drug, even the dying man's call for "Laudanum!" passed unheeded.]

What a the matter now, I pray?
Longrigg, why this long delay?
Have you got the gout or sprue,
That you thus remain away?
In vain we look for you each day,
While wond'ring what there is to pay
That keeps you from your haunts so gay,
Doctor Longrigg.

A week has gone, nor seen your face,
Your tedious absence like a crawling pace
Without your presence—Time and space
Have surely lagg'd behind the race.
Your genial smile, your joyous laugh,
When of the merry cup you quaff,
We miss them—oh, we miss them sore!—
Then visit us, dear friend, once more,
Doctor Longrigg.

Perhaps you're busy? Do not linger;
Your patient's pulse, come, quickly finger
The recipe now deftly write—
A pill at morning, noon, and night.
Or will it be some nauseous draught?—
The secret's well known to you, I'm sure, craft—
Maybe some purge, or nasty clyster?
Oh! now you'll try a mustard blister
Doctor Longrigg.

Perhaps with forceps, sleeves turned up,
Administering the soothing cup,
Awaiting anxiously the time
To add another to the line
Of Adam's race in this our land?
Then, doctor, doctor, keep your stand,
Nor leave the bedside till all's clear—
We'll greet you then with hearty cheer,
Doctor Longrigg.

If 'tis that plague, old-time rheumatic,
We do not think that arts aquatic
Will ever serve you quite in full—
In fact, you know 'twill kill John Bull.
Yes, water

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.**

GLENCOE, Philadelphia.—Ned O'Baldwin beat George Iles and Andrew Marsden, and was beaten by the latter in England. He was also matched with Joe Wormald and Jim Mace there, forfeiting the stakes in the former match, and the latter being declared a draw on account of Mace's interest. He fought a draw with Joe Wormald in this country (stopped by the police after fighting one round), and was matched with Mace last year, but they never fought.

W. H. E., Cinte.—1. He has made no leap entitled to go on record. 2. The term "seven-up billiards" has reference to matches played by experts upon the small tables coming into vogue, particularly at the West, the playing surface of which is not much more than seven feet long, and upon which the balls fairly knock against one another for lack of room to avoid collision.

CONSTANT READER.—E. Eddy made his first appearance in public at the Franklin Theatre in this city on the occasion of Mr. Goodenow's benefit, May 3, 1830, in a recitation entitled "The Indian's Lament." On April 6, 1846, he made his first acknowledged appearance at the Greenwich Theatre, acting Othello. On March 13, 1851, he first appeared at the Bowery Theatre, acting Richelieu.

BILLY S., Elizabeth, N. J.—The grand tournament, under the auspices of the National Amateur Gymnastic Athletic Association, will be held at the Academy of Music, this city, Nov. 8. Address James G. Sand, Secretary, Wood's Gymnasium, No. 6 East Twenty-eighth street, specifying what prize you intend to compete for.

C. W. G., Ottawa.—1. A ball that bounds from the table and lodges on the cushion must be regarded as off. 2. The first running pedestrian time for the distances stand 1—300yds., 31½sec.; 440yds., 48½sec.; 600yds., 1m. 15⅝ sec.; half mile, 1m. 53⅛sec.

J. C., Chicago.—You have got your query considerably mixed. If A and C are partners, C cannot have the beg at A's deal. The dealer and beggar have all to say about running or bunching the cards. The other two players have no voice in the matter.

T. F. M.—1. A wins, as the account of the fight was published in the issue of that date, though not in the earlier edition. 2. Heenan never fought a regular ring fight in California, though he beat Sam Banta in a turn-up, in 1857.

JOHN.—1. Bill Lang ran ten miles in 51:26 in England (Royal Oak Park, Manchester, we believe) on Good Friday, 1863. 2. The St. John Crew, then composed of Tuton, Price, Hutton and McLaren, rowed six miles in 38:30, Sept. 10, 1866.

G. H. W., Orange.—The delivery of the ball was legal if the arm was not raised above the shoulder, so as to make it an overhand throw, or even with the shoulder as in roundarm bowling in cricket. The umpire had no right to give the decision he did, any way.

A READER, Shelbyville.—Your inference is entirely erroneous. Overhaul your grammer and dictionary. Good plays and appropriate costumes are always important addjects to the success of every theatre.

ED. COLLINS, Dundas.—1. You will have to have them made to order, a piece of steel being inserted in the shank. In matches, spiking shoes are usually barred. 2. No reliable record.

C. E. C., South Norwalk.—A *fac simile* of the colors worn by Heenan in his fight with Sayers—red, white and blue—can be obtained through Ed. James, 88 and 90 Centre street, this city; price, $8.

W. H. H., Watsontown.—1. Have sent the rules. 2. No allowance is made for using a double barrel. 3. Of Ed. James, whose advertisement is in another column. Price $8.

A READER.—Neither is correct. Mr. Fechter was born in London, Eng., and is therefore an Englishman. His father was French, German and Irish; his mother English; they removed to France when Mr. Fechter was quite young.

X., Chicago.—In many places straights do not count at all. In some places, when played they beat two pairs. In three of a kind, if played, their value ought always to be agreed upon before commencing.

HINK, Boston.—1. The onus of proof rests upon the party making the assertion. 2. The bet is considered binding among honorable men, notwithstanding no money was staked.

LUCIUS.—1. The only way to properly learn would be to apprentice yourself to some performer. 2. Cannot say. 3. You could neither get an engagement nor command any salary until you had made a reputation in the ring.

HARTLEY, Baltimore.—The Gubner setters are well known and of great merit, but there is difficulty in obtaining them on account of their scarcity and the demand for them.

BOB, Negaunee.—1. Jim Mace and Joe Coburn fought a draw near Big Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov. 10, 1871, in five rounds being contested in 3 hours 38 minutes. 2. It was afterwards.

H., Chicago.—1. They fought twice. 2. The first battle was decided in favor of Mike on an alleged foul, though he was badly beaten. 2. Yes; unless fraud is practiced to induce a man to bet. 3. He did.

J. D., Jr., San Francisco.—1. It does not possess sufficient merit for publication. 2. You make the arrangement through a dramatic agency. We have none to assure.

AUCTION, Baltimore.—1. C, having made the three points he gave for the pitch, and only wanting one point, goes out with his high before B's low. 2. B's spoil will take him out before C's low, jack, game; high scoring first.

M., J. C., Philadelphia.—1. Yankee Sullivan was found dead in his cell in San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 18, 1856. Morrissey and Heenan fought Oct. 20, 1858. 2. Morrissey beat George Thompson in violations.

J. D., Owego.—1. It was the result of a typographical error, the figure 1 being omitted in the Louisville notice, which should have read the 15th. 2. We will do so when we have her route.

WM. MORRISSEY.—1. Heenan fought three prize battles. 2. Mace beat the party mentioned in 10 rounds, occupying 46 minutes.

H. S., Zeitlein is a swift underhand thrower, as all the professional pitchers are. They are about on a par in point of speed.

S. U. B., Philadelphia.—You will find the information in any standard encyclopædia, under the head of occultists. We cannot spare the space to answer as you desire.

ED. G. BROWN, Erie.—Ned Soarles beat standing jump, which is the best upon record, is 13ft. 5¾in., made at Utica, N. Y., in his match with Charles Loomis.

W. H.—She was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and made her first appearance on the stage at the Academy of Music in that city.

DANSKER, Philadelphia.—By no means. Buy a book that gives information or instruction. Master that, and it successful, take lessons of a professional.

ANDREWS, St. Louis.—Johnson and Jim Mace fought 12 rounds in 3 hours 38 minutes, near Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov. 30, 1871.

T. S. W., Baltimore.—1. The cards played being 3, 7, 5, 4, 1, 2, 6, count 7 for the sequence, and 1 for the pair. 2. The last hand is a stand-off, and must be played over.

READER, Savannah.—1. Write to Emery B. Fay, No. 100 Nassau street, New York City. 2. From $15 per week and upward.

J. R. F., Savannah.—We prefer making other arrangements.

K. and N., Ogdensburg.—The bet is drawn, as Gleeson withdrew his name.

C. M., Memphis.—1. THE CLIPPER is the only recognized organ. 2. It is not published.

J. F.—We do not answer questions by mail. They are two distinct families.

C. W.—He never performed in public on any stage. His wife was formerly a dancer.

J. B. S., Utica.—James Melville during the tenting season of 1872 traveled with Barnum's show.

S. C.—We have no record of the Manchester Executioner.

JOHNNY, Chicago.—The loadstone, in its natural state, possesses magnetic attraction for iron and steel.

H. T. B., Newport.—A letter addressed to William Clikener, care of this office, will reach him.

C. J. R., Bay City.—B having made the two points he gave for the pitch, goes out with his high.

O. T. S., Brooklyn.—The dealer forfeits his deal for making a misdeal.

MCGUIRE, Ashland.—They are manufactured in Paris, and are not for sale in this country.

PHILADELPHIA.—A wins, and B, of course, loses. The latter could not withdraw.

R. E. JOYCE, Fort Concho.—Have sent you the desired number of Tuff Cumberland.

INQUIRER.—We were in error. The Boston nine's first season was in 1871. This, therefore, is their third.

SPORTSMAN, St. Paul.—Five deuces beat five aces at poker dice.

W. N. McD., Kansas City.—1. He can win; it is no fraud. 2. 2.16¾. 3. 2.17.

OLD SPORT.—They fought on the 5th of May, 1863, near Charlestown, Cecil County, Md.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—Yes; by Tom King, at Wilhurst, Kent, Eng., Dec. 10, 1863.

PITTSBURGH.—The letter is still in our care. We don't know his present whereabouts.

W. K.—1. We can supply you with a few back numbers. State which ones you desire. 2. He can.

ARMENIAN, Johnstown.—Morrissey defeated Heenan, Oct. 20, 1858, at Long Point, Canada.

JAMES MCFARLAND, Cambridgeport.—They went over the ropes together, alighting on their heads.

MORRIS, Cincinnati.—1. No. 2. No. 3. No; sixes beat aces at poker dice.

G. C., Hudson.—The cards cannot be shuffled after the deal and before the draw. No charge.

E. H. B.—You cannot take up the five on your third throw, after having left it down before.

O. B., Troy.—According to the statement made, neither party wins the wager, which is a draw.

T. O. C.—He is a brakeman on the Allegheny Valley Railroad.

MONOC, Phila.—Goldsmith Maid was foaled in the Spring of 1857.

JAY COOK.—It depends in a measure upon their social standing, and upon the degree of your intimacy.

CONSTANT READER.—1. $1,200 a year, we believe. 2. It requires more political influence than anything else.

J. B., Racine.—It was never so occupied. It was last used for a variety theatre.

G. O. X.—Call and see Prof. Wm. Clark, corner of Amity and Thompson streets, this city.

W. H.—John Gulley's last fight was with Gregson, May 10, 1808. He was elected to Parliament December, 1832.

THOS. J. B., Kansas City.—The law regards it as a felony.

DIMITY DOOCE.—We have more of broken-Dutch contributions than we can find room for.

BEN AMAIN, Kansas City.—Programmes received, for which accept our thanks.

SHAKESPEARE, Tidioute.—In business transactions with us, we have always found them reliable.

J. S., St. Paul.—20 per cent. off when paid for thirteen insertions in advance.

T. H., Providence.—Write to Col. T. Allston Brown, No. 9 West Fourth street, N. Y.

MARIANNE.—At the Opera-house on Market street. he dates are correct.

AKOS, Cincinnati.—When last heard from he was performing in the interior towns of California.

INQUIRER, Washington, D. C.—Neither is correct. It should be *Ma de sous ruz petit pois*.

A. B. C., Cambridge.—Yes; the rules expressly state that they must.

J. W. F., Biddeford.—We do not know the publisher of either of the books named.

P. MC.—Havemeyer was Mayor twice before—in 1845-6, and 1848-9.

WEISS BEER, Phila.—Barney cannot bid again.

J. L. FALLET.—See answer to "Andrewa."

SUBSCRIBER, Brookline.—They did not.

T. H., JR., Albany.—She is a sister to his wife.

C. B. D. L., Chicago.—There is no such book in print.

BURLESQUE.—Cash received.

SPORTSMAN, Winchester.—We know of no such book.

J. G., Trenton.—Both bets are drawn.

J. H., H.—Cannot say.

C. O. M.—1. Yes. 2. She is with the company.

ECLIPSE.—He still lives.

DOCTOR.—He was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1829.

WM. H. B., Detroit.—Will answer next week.

J. H.—"That Parrot" will be heard anon.

WARD WOOD, Baltimore.—Thank you. It will be used.

F. B. N., New Haven.—1. In Europe. 2. Never.

OARSMAN.—No.

BOATING SPORT, Worcester.—Not that we are aware of.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—No.

P. M. G.—They fought once before.

J. N. D., Albany.—No.

A. C. C., Canton.—Ninety cents each insertion.

T. L. H.—Fifty minutes in a nine innings game.

THROUGH THE REPUTABLE columns of the daily press the public hereaway have been made acquainted with the particulars of a "brutal prize fight" which took place last week in the neighborhood of St. Louis. The "bloody details" were given just as if the contest had not been "fixed" beforehand, and as if the honors and profits were not to be equally divided between the terrible belligerents. The respectable dailies favored their respectable readers with the proceedings precisely as if they were chronicling the doings of a missionary convocation. One of the "vicious fighters" enacted the role of a butcher, while the other acted as a chopping-block, for which, the lambs in this direction contend, the chopping-block should have had the higher salary. It is to be regretted that our daily contemporaries should encourage such disreputable proceedings. True, they attempt to soften down their "brutal" reports by scathing editorials on another page. The lesser fraud, however, seems to have been swallowed up in the greater—that is, the "brutal prize fight" in the West has been eclipsed by the heavy-weight financial swindles in the East. Taking the advice of the late lamented Horace Greeley, conniving prize-fighters and fraudulent bankers will now probably "go West."

THE CRASH.—For several weeks the daily papers recorded the collisions of passenger and freight trains on various railroads throughout the country. Nothing went right with the roads—yesterday it was a crash on the Pennsylvania, to-day a smash-up on the New York Central; every day furnished its record of some railroad disaster. This was but the precursor of the financial storm about to crash over the heads of railroad companies. Jay Cooke, after luring people to invest in his Northern Pacific bonds, was the first to go under; and then it was discovered that these railroad corporations were but a rotten fraud, bolstered up by false capital, and kept in operation by the misrepresentations of the banking house through which the bonds were sold, or rather by which the people have been robbed. We have no sympathy for Jay Cooke or his associates in this business—the house made millions of dollars out of the Government during the war; it was paid a handsome commission for all it did. The firm should have rested there, instead of leading the unsuspecting to put their earnings in worthless railroad bonds. Petty thieves are put in the Tombs, while gigantic robbers go free.

AT THE MASONIC CELEBRATION in Philadelphia last week the crowd was immense, hotels, boarding-houses, and other stopping-places being overrun. During the procession Broad street was a jam, and as the line moved northward, it became jam up. We met a showman, and he was in tears. Supposing he had been attending the funeral of his mother-in-law, we expressed our sympathy for him in his bereavement. "Taint that," says he; "I was just regretting that I hadn't a sideshow here to take this crowd in."

"OUR JIM" came into THE CLIPPER sanctum, last Saturday, in a frightfully demoralized condition. On being reproved for his intemperate habits, he said that "he couldn't help it—he got tight in the moneymarket."

PARIS is to be made happy: the leaders of the Right propose a grand re-union of the party. By which, probably, everything in France is to be made Right—over the Left.

FISH STORY.—At Gloucester, Mass., a few days ago a codfish was caught which measured 5ft. 6in. in length, weighing 130 pounds. And now all the men thereaway are after that—codfish.

AN UNSCRUPULOUS young man in Illinois was lately fined ten dollars for kissing a young lady against her will. This might have been avoided, "Our Jim" thinks, had he kissed her against her cheek.

JAY COOKE has been dealing in "puts" an "calls" for a long time; but his last operation in the former line was to "put" up his shutters, and "put" out for Put-in-Bay.

CERTAIN papers allege that that "our banks are sound." Yes, in their suspended state they are *all* "sound—signifying nothing."

TOO THIN—Oregon Navigation Bonds and similar well-watered "securities" among Jay Cooke's assets.

THE LATEST LOCK-OUT—The New York Board of Brokers.

BROKERS are so called, probably, owing to their aptitude for breaking.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANNALY, Baron—Sat in the British Parliament for many years—first for Dublin, and afterward for the County of Longford. His son, the Hon. Luke White, was from 1862 to 1866 a Junior Lord of the Treasury—Longford, Ireland, recently, aged 80.

BAILEY, Prof. J. W.—Aeronaut. Fell from a hot-air balloon. (See miscellaneous show news.)—Wapello, Ia., Sept. 25.

BUFFETT, Alletia—Wife of Dr. Edward P. Buffett, and daughter of C. C. Van Reypen—Bergen, N. J., Sept. 26, aged 30.

BISMARCK, Princess—Wife of the German Chancellor, Prince Bismarck. Johanna von Putkammer, such having been her maiden name, was descended from an old Pomeranian family. In 1847, when she was about three years of age, she married Bismarck; and the union, from which sprang a daughter and two sons, was ever blessed harmonious.—Berlin, Germany, Sept. 22, aged 60.

BURRILL, George A.—Well known as a compositor on the leading daily and weekly journals of the metropolis—Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 22, aged 38.

BARKER, Hon. Richard P.—For many years a prominent citizen and merchant of New York—here, Sept. 13, aged 79.

BARRY, Elizabeth—Mother of W. H. Barry, manager of Galeties Varieties, Manchester, and of Tom Barry, clown, now in this country—Manchester, Eng., Sept. 7, aged 68.

BEASLEY, Jr., Fred W.—Formerly prominent as an amateur cricketer and baseball player—Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 18, aged 29.

BENEDIX, Julien Roderich—A German comic poet, writer of humorous plays, actor, tenor singer, editor, and theatrical manager. Born in Leipsic, about 1828 began his career as an actor, playing in the celebrated company of Reithen-Hahn, and in 1853 made his début as a tenor, appearing in opera in several of the cities of the Rhine and of Westphalia. While managing a theatre in Wesel, he started a journal called *The Ticket Taker*. His "Doctor Jebus" and "The Mossy Head," first put upon the stage at Wesel, were afterwards performed in every city in Germany. Prominent among his comedy plays, some three dramas and comedies, were "Doctor Wespe," "The Enemy of Women," "The Trial," "The Wedding Journey," "The Famous Ones," "The Love Letter," and "Junker Otto"—his last, this, and produced in 1859. In 1845 he was general manager of the new theatre of Elberfeld in Cologne, and from 1847 to 1848 he was Register-general of the town theatre in that city. Among his works not wholly dramatic were his "Popular German Stories," in six volumes; his "1813, 1814, and 1815," a graphic narrative of the German war of Independence; a Handbook for the Journey from Rotterdam to Strasbourg; "Scenes in the Lives of Comedians;" and his annual "Popular Almanac of the Lower Rhine." He was a playright even as a schoolboy, and his productions at that period were enacted at private theatricals in his natal city—Germany, Sept. 27, aged 45.

BIDDLE, Col. Charles G.—One of the proprietors of *The Philadelphia Age*. Born in Philadelphia, graduated at Princeton College in the class of 1832, and admitted to the Philadelphia Bar in 1840. He served in the Mexican War as a captain (brevetted major for gallant conduct), and in the War of the Rebellion he was colonel of the 71st Pennsylvania Reserves. Also represented the Second Pennsylvania District in Thirty-seventh Congress—Philadelphia, Sept. 28.

CROZY, Dixie—An M. D. and an L. L. D., and for many years a Professor in Dartmouth College, N. H.—Hanover, N. H., Sept. 26, aged 73.

DE POLLYOL, Adrian V.—Brother of Dr. P. R. Cortelyou of Brooklyn, N. Y.—that city, Sept. 25.

CISCO, Eliza S.—Wife of John J. Cisco, and daughter of the late Hon. Lewis H. Sandford—Castleton Heights, N. Y., Sept. 20.

COSTE, Jean Jacques Marie Cyprien—Celebrated French naturalist, and early in his career the author of works of that class of different times commanded the attention of the Academy of Science, which awarded him a medal. Later, a chair of embryology was created for him in the College of France, and in 1851 the Academy of Science invested him with membership. He was elevated to the Legion of Honor, and he was also the recipient of other marks of distinction, pecuniary and scientific. One of his specialties was pisciculture, and in 1851 he established a model piscina, which in two years furnished 600,000 salmon and trout for stocking the Rhone. In 1862, France appointed him Inspector-general of the River Fisheries, and subsequently this office comprehended also the fisheries on the sea-coast—France, Sept. 23, aged 66.

CLAY, James—Member of the British House of Commons from Hull, Eng. Son of James Clay, a London merchant, and cousin to Sir William Clay, baronet. Sat for Hull from 1847 to 1853, and was defeated in 1857 and again in 1868—London, Eng., Sept. 26, aged 67.

CAPTAIN GEORGE—Civil and war chief of the Onondaga Nation of Indians. Was with General Winfield Scott at Lundy's Lane, and upon that occasion was chosen as bearer to the Onondagas of dispatches calling for reinforcements. Of late years has been recognized as the head of all that is left of the Six Nations—Onondaga Reservation, near Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 24, aged 78.

CHACORNAC, Jean—A French astronomer of note, and latterly the discoverer of numerous planets. Born in 1803 to 1854 he was a student at the Observatory of Marseilles, after which he became astronomer to the Observatory of Paris. He was a prolific contributor to *The Annals of the Observatory*, and was, besides, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor—France, recently, aged 70.

DE WALDEN, T. B.—Actor and dramatist. Born in London in 1811, his first appearance upon the stage being at the Haymarket Theatre in 1834, and his American debut occurring at the Park Theatre, this city, ten years later. (See City Summary.)—New York City, Sept. 26, aged 62.

DALRYMPLE, Donald—Member of Parliament for Bath, and who will be remembered as having recently visited this country with the view of investigating our system of managing inebriates, a class in whom the deceased had always taken great interest, and the amelioration of whose condition may justly be the voluntary labor of his maturer life. He was born in 1814; began his education at the Grammar School of Norwich, his birthplace; next repaired to London, continuing his studies in Guy's Hospital; in 1835 he was admitted as licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries; in 1836 he became a member of the College of Surgeons, and in 1854 a Fellow of that institution; and in 1859 he was made a member of the College of Physicians of London. In 1862 he abandoned the practice of his profession, and in 1868 he was returned to Parliament by the Bath Liberals, and in that capacity he supported the prominent measures set on foot by the Gladstone ministry, endorsed the Irish Church bill, and advocated the vote by ballot and a more comprehensive measure of education for all classes. He also urged upon Parliament, although fruitlessly, the need of establishing inebriate asylums in England, and session after session beheld him, fortified with additional statistics, advocating his measures for the reformation of drunkards. Aside from his position in Parliament, he was Magistrate and Deputy-lieutenant of Norfolk, and chairman of the Governors of King Edward Schools, at Norwich. In 1861 he published his work "On the Climate of Egypt"—London, Eng., recently, aged 59.

DUFFY, Captain Patrick—Brother of the Rev. Dr. Duffy, a Catholic clergyman of this city, and nephew-in-law of the Hon. Henry Clay Sheafferman, N. Y., Sept. 26.

DAVISON, George Washington—Lately a member of Ward-Ladder Co. No. 4 of the N. Y. Fire Department—this city, aged 25.

DODIN, Edward P.—A student in the graduating class of St. Francis Xavier's Church—this city, Sept. 20, aged 23.

EMERY, George—Well known as a journalist, formerly with *The Hudson County Democrat*, N. J., and the following year was appointed City Clerk of Hoboken. Later he purchased *The Democrat*, and conducted it himself with the editor and proprietor until last March. In 1865 he was elected to the Assembly of New Jersey by the Hoboken Democrats, and in 1867-68 was returned by the same party. He was made Speaker of the House—Hoboken, N. J., Sept. 28, aged 42.

FARRELL, Right Rev. John, D. D.—First Bishop of the diocese of Hamilton, Canada, having filled that position since 1856. A man whose great learning was equaled only by his piety—that place, Sept. 26.

FOSTER, Hon. Wilder D.—Long identified with public affairs in Michigan. Served three years as Mayor of Grand Rapids, and was twice elected to Congress from Michigan—Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 29.

FULLER, Avander—Veteran of the War of 1812—Norwich, Ct., Sept. 13.

GUERRAZZI, Francesco—A man whose name figures conspicuously in the annals of many revolutionary movements, whose presence was felt in various conspiracies against the Papal Government, and whose running pen contributed largely to swell the volume of Italian literature. He studied law at the University of Pisa, in Tuscany, but rarely if ever practiced it, inclining rather to the composition of political disquisitions and tracts. For his political principles led to his incarceration, and while in jail he turned his attention to works of fiction. He was finally set free, only to be imprisoned again in 1847, in a fortress on the Isle of Elbe. Released again, he gave new vent to that radicalism which, provoking the ire of the liberal Grand Duke, resulted in his imprisonment. From a leader of the radical party he was advanced to membership of the Cabinet formed in 1848 by Montanelli, and in 1849, at Florence, he was proclaimed Dictator. After a while, dissensions were sown among the revolutionary leaders, and a reactionary movement terminated the dictatorship of Guerrazzi, who was imprisoned in the dungeons of the fortress of Belvedere. Being arraigned before the legal tribunals, he was condemned to perpetual banishment, and then selected himself as his place of exile. Having in 1859 been permitted to return to Italy, he was elected to the Turin Parliament. His closing years were unattended by anything eventful. His chief literary work was "Pasquale Paoli," and among his other plays, some of his dramas and comedies, were "Doctor Wespe," "The Enemy of Women," "The Trial," "The Wedding Journey," "The Famous Ones," "The Love Letter," and "Junker Otto"—his last, this, and produced in 1859. In 1845 he was general manager of the new theatre of Elberfeld in Cologne, and from 1847 to 1848 he was Register-general of the town theatre in that city. Among his works not wholly dramatic were his "Popular German Stories," in six volumes; his "1813, 1814, and 1815," a graphic narrative of the German war of Independence; a Handbook for the Journey from Rotterdam to Strasbourg; "Scenes in the Lives of Comedians;" and his annual "Popular Almanac of the Lower Rhine." He was a playright even as a schoolboy, and his productions at that period were enacted at private theatricals in his natal city—Germany, Sept. 27, aged 45.

HYDE, William—Physician of Stonington, Ct.—that place, Sept. 26, aged 64.

JONES, Rev. Andrew H.—For many years colonel of the Fourth Regiment, N. J. S. M., and subsequently brigadier-general of State Militia—Paramus, N. J., Sept. 19, aged 58.

JONES, Pamelia A.—Wife of Rev. William C. Steel, pastor of Reekman Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, this city—Sea Cliff, L. I., Sept. 21, aged 36.

KEARNEY, Dr. Alfred—Senior member of the firm of James E. Ward & Co., shipping merchants, of No. 113 Wall street. Committed suicide by shooting, while suffering from mental aberration—this city, Sept. 24.

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KNOWLES, Rev. George W.—Bishop of Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming—Denver, Col., Sept. 28.

KNOWLES, Pamelia A.—Wife of Rev. William C. Steel, pastor of Reekman Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, this city—Sea Cliff, L. I., Sept. 21, aged 36.

KOBLYZA, Dr. Augustus—Eminent surgeon. Graduated at Paris, France, in December of 1836, shortly after became hospital surgeon and member of the faculty of medicine, and in April of 1851 was made professor of clinical surgery. This he resigned in 1867, and was made honorary professor. He was also member of the Academy of Science in the department of chirurgical pathology; was a commander of the Legion of Honor; in 1866 was appointed inspector-general of the sanitary service of the legion; and in 1868 he was elevated to the dignity of Senator—Paris, Sept. 20, aged 66.

OLOZAGO, Don Salustiano—During the past forty years one of the most active of Spanish politicians, and the victim of many vicissitudes. Born at Logrone; educated for the bar, he was banished in 1824 for being a member of a secret society that conspired against Ferdinand VII; escaped into France; returned to Spain in 1833 after the death of Ferdinand; was chosen a Deputy in the Cortes; in 1836 allied himself with the Isturiz Ministry; when that was overthrown he headed the monarchical opposition; figured prominently in the Constitutional Convention of 1837; became, in 1838, a warm friend for amnesty for political offenders and for the suppression of monastic institutions; from 1840 to 1843, Ambassador to Paris; acted there as the friend of Espartero; was also said to be in forming a Ministry; in this capacity he provoked the hostility of the Cortes, and was finally abandoned by the Queen; was elected Senator for life; in 1854 his relations were debating as to whether or not he should be shot for high treason; continued his flight to England, and there remained during this exile; in 1858 he was twice chosen a Deputy to the Cortes; upon the strength of that, he ventured to return to Spain; was immediately arrested and thrown into prison; was soon pampered, but soon released, but again condemned to exile; popular indignation forced the Queen to recall him; he resumed his seat in the Cortes, and became the party of progress; he arrested once more; after his release he withdrew from politics for two years; in 1854 he was again sent as Ambassador to France, and again chosen to the Cortes; in 1855 he entered the Espartero Ministry, in which made the Senate elective; in 1856 the counter-revolution remitted him once more to the retirement of private life; in 1868 he was finally declared that place, aged 58.

PARKER, Thomas B.—Wealthy resident of Philadelphia. Formerly a member of the Common Council, and member of the Lincoln Club—here, Sept. 21, aged 44.

MINER, William—Formerly a resident of this city. By birth a Frenchman, he was the adopted child of the Lafayette on the occasion of that distinguished man's first visit, and took an active part in the Revolutionary War—Northampton, L. I., Sept. 27, aged 102.

MCMILLAN, Jerry—A jig-dancer, known as Master Jerry, and formerly with San Francisco Minstrels—Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 9.

NANTEUIL, Celestin—A French artist. Born in Rome in 1813. Was Conservator of the Museum and Director of the School of Fine Arts at Dijon, France—that place, recently, aged 60.

NELATON, Dr. Auguste—Eminent surgeon. Graduated at Paris, France, in December of 1836, shortly after became hospital surgeon and member of the faculty of medicine, and in April of 1851 was made professor of clinical surgery. This he resigned in 1867, and was made honorary professor. He was also member of the Academy of Science in the department of chirurgical pathology; was a commander of the Legion of Honor; in 1866 was appointed inspector-general of the sanitary service of the legion; and in 1868 he was elevated to the dignity of Senator—Paris, Sept. 20, aged 66.

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PARKER, Hon. Richard P.—For many years a prominent citizen and merchant of New York—here, Sept. 13, aged 79.

PINCKNEY, William C.—An aged resident of this city, and a veteran of the War of 1812, having been a member of Capt. Reynolds' company, in Col. Dodge's regiment—this city, Sept. 25, aged 77

BASEBALL.

PHILADELPHIA vs. ATHLETIC.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The eighth championship game between the above-named Philadelphia clubs was contested on the grounds at Jefferson and Twenty-fifth streets, on Monday afternoon, Sept. 29, about one thousand persons being in attendance. The weather was very pleasant and the ground in splendid condition. The Athletics were without Fisler, and made several changes in the positions of their nine. Fisher pitching and McGeary catching, while McBride and Clapp played in the respective positions of right-field and short-stop. The Philadelphias did not score until the fifth inning, when a couple of good hits and Murnan's wild throw gave them two unearned runs, the Athletics, by errors of Meyerle and Malone, and good batting by Murnan, Clapp, McBride and Anson, having then scored four runs. Good hits of Sensenderfer, Sutton and McMullin, and errors by Meyerle, Malone and Bechtel, gave the Athletics four runs in the last four innings, while the Philadelphias, by the good batting of Bechtel, Treacy and Mack, and passed balls, made two runs in the sixth inning, and made a couple of more runs by the errors of Sutton and Anson, the conclusion being very exciting. The Athletics won by their superior batting, Sensenderfer taking the lead in this respect. Fisher's pitching was very effective, and Fulmer fielded finely for the Philadelphias. The umpiring was excellent. The score follows:

ATHLETIC.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	PHILADELPHIA.	R.	B.	PO.	A.
McGeary, s s	1	1	5	0	Cuthbert, 1 f	1	0	3	0
McBride, r f	1	1	0	0	Wood, 2d b	0	1	3	2
Anson, 3d b	0	1	1	3	Malone, c	0	1	5	4
Sensenderfer, c f	1	4	2	0	Meyerle, 3d b	1	0	0	2
Fisher, r f	0	1	1	0	Bechtel, r f	0	1	0	0
Sutton, 3d b	0	1	2	3	Fulmer, s s	2	2	2	6
Clapp, s s	1	1	0	3	Treacy, c f	1	1	2	0
Murnan, c f	1	1	2	7	Mack, 1st b	1	2	12	0
McMullin, 1 f	2	2	2	0	Zettlein, p	0	0	0	1
Totals	7	13	27	13	Totals	6	8	27	15

Athletic	0	0	1	0	3	1	1	0	1	—7
Philadelphia	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	1	1	—6

Runs earned—Athletic, 2. Bases on errors—Athletic, 5; Philadelphia, 7. Umpire—N. E. Young, Washington Club. Time—2h.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP STRUGGLE.

Things are getting decidedly interesting in the race for the championship pennant, the contest now being a nip-and-tuck struggle between the Boston "Reds" and the Philadelphia "Whites," the latter, thus far, still holding the leading position. Up to Sept. 29 the score stood as follows:

Clubs.	Games won.	Games to play.
Philadelphia	30	12
Boston	28	14
Baltimore	23	16
Athletic	21	15
Mutual	19	12

The record of games to be played from Sept. 29 is as follows:

	Athletic	Atlantic	Baltimore	Boston	Mutual	Philadelphia	Washington	Games to Play
Athletic	....	1	1	4	4	2	3	15
Atlantic	1	....	2	2	2	1	5	12
Baltimore	4	2	....	3	2	2	3	16
Boston	4	1	2	....	3	0	2	14
Mutual	2	1	2	0	....	2	5	12
Philadelphia	1	1	2	1	2	....	5	12
Washington	3	5	3	4	5	5	....	25
Totals	15	12	16	14	12	12	25	106

ATHLETIC vs. MUTUAL.

On Wednesday, Sept. 24, these professional teams again contended for championship honors on the grounds of the first-mentioned, at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa., it being the seventh game of the regular series, the first four of which were won by the Athletics. The Mutual catcher, Allison, was unable to play, and his place was taken by Higham, Martin going to right field. The Mutes won the toss and sent their antagonists to the plate. The Athletics led off well by making three runs—McGeary, Fisler and Sutton perpetrating clean hits, while Anson was presented with a base on called balls, and Clapp was missed on an easy fly by Eggler, who had previously made two pretty catches, this inning being concluded by Gedney's magnificent running-catch off Sensy's bat. Eggler was missed on a difficult fly by McMullen, and scored a run, assisted by Anson's failure to hold a ball finely fielded by Sutton; Fisher making a brilliant running-catch in this inning. In the second inning of the Athletics McMullin was given a base on called balls, and scored a run by the good batting of McBride, who was "doubled-up" on Fisler's grounder by Hatfield and Start, Anson being left after making a fine hit. The Mutuals were blanked, McMullin being credited with two neat catches. The Athletics were treated to the whitewashing process in the third inning, Sutton being the only one to get a base-hit, and the Mutuals shared the same fate, although Holdsworth had led off with a fine hit, and Eggler had been given a life by Sutton, but the next three strikers were put out by the good play of McMullin and Anson. The Athletics were put out in one-two-three order in the fourth inning. The Mutuals scored four unearned runs, after Sutton had missed an easy chance at third to "double up" the side for a blank, Martin and Holdsworth alone making base-hits, while Matthews was given a base on called balls, and a difficult catch missed by McMullin and an error of McGeary's helped materially the Mutes in thus taking the lead. Fisler sprained his ankle in this inning and had to retire, Murnan taking his place during the remainder of the game. The Athletics were retired in one-two-three order in the fifth and sixth, while the Mutuals made a run by a two-base hit of Start's and a fine hit by Nelson, Sutton's error and a wild-pitched ball saving them, however, from a blank. In the sixth inning Eggler led off with a long hit that looked very much like a foul ball, and reached his second, where he was left. The Athletics regained the lead in the seventh inning by means of the wild pitching of Matthews, three men getting their bases on called balls, one on an error of Holdsworth's and one on a high safe hit back of the second base. The Mutes were then put out in one-two-three order. The Athletics then, in the eighth inning, added a couple of more runs, Clapp getting one by a bad muff of Nelson's, and the other being earned by the good hit of McMullin. In the last inning Sutton led off with a good hit, and scored a run on Clapp's hit to Nelson, having a narrow escape, however, at home base. Higham failing to hold the ball fielded by Nelson. The Mutuals were retired in one-two-three order in the last inning, and the Athletics thus won a creditable victory by a score of 10 to 6. The score:

ATHLETIC.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	MUTUAL.	R.	B.	PO.	A.
McGeary, s s	2	2	1	2	Eggler, c f	1	1	5	1
McBride, r f	0	2	2	1	Higham, c	1	1	5	1
Anson, 1st b	2	2	8	0	Hatfield, 3d b	0	0	1	4
Murnan, 2d b	1	1	0	2	Start, 1st b	1	1	8	0
Fisher, 2d b	0	1	1	4	Nelson, 2d b	1	1	2	1
Sutton, 3d b	1	3	1	1	Martin, r f	0	1	1	0
Clapp, c	1	0	2	0	Matthews, p	1	0	0	0
Sensenderfer, c f	0	0	3	0	Gedney, l f	0	1	4	0
McMullen, l f	3	1	5	0	Holdsworth, s s	1	2	2	1
Totals	10	12	27	6	Totals	6	6	27	7

Athletic	3	1	0	0	0	3	2	1	0	—10
Mutual	1	0	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	—6

Runs earned—Athletic, 3; Mutual, 0. Bases on errors—Athletic, 4; Mutual, 6. Umpire—Charles Fulmer of the Philadelphia Club. Time, 2h. 20m.

MUTUAL vs. PHILADELPHIA.

About one thousand persons congregated on the ball field at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa., Thursday afternoon, Sept. 25, expecting to see the Philadelphia Club easily vanquish the Mutuals in their seventh championship game. Of the previous contests between them the home club had won four and the Mutes two. As on the preceding day, the latter nine were minus the services of Allison, in whose stead Higham was placed behind the bat. The Philadelphias were strong favorites in the betting, but after the Mutuals had scored five runs in the third inning, and Zettlein had retired, the market underwent a change, and the visiting team were first choice. The Philadelphias were blanked in the first five innings, Bechtel and Cuthbert alone making base hits, and the former was forced out at second, while the wily Cuthbert was caught napping between first and second by Higham's throw, and run out. The Mutuals were blanked the first two innings, although Start was given his base on called balls, and Matthews made a good hit in the second inning. In the third inning, Matthews opened for the Mutuals with a liner that Fulmer held in style. Gedney and Holdsworth followed with fine hits, and then errors by Malone, Zettlein, Fulmer and Meyerle, and a weak slow grounder along the third-base path-line by Hatfield, allowed the Mutuals to score five unearned runs. Zettlein then retired from the game, Bechtel taking his place as pitcher, while Devlin, the tenth man of the Philadelphias, played right field. The Mutuals added two more unearned runs in the fourth inning off errors of Treacy and Bechtel, and a safe hit by Eggler that Cuthbert allowed to pass him, leaving two men come home, and leading to a "scene" between Cuthbert and Malone. Start led off in the fifth inning of the Mutuals with a fine two-base hit, and went to third on Nelson's good grounder on second. Start, however, was put out at home while attempting to run in on Martin's hit, and Nelson scored only by a muff of Fulmer's; the Mutuals' score being eight to nothing. The Philadelphias broke the ice in the sixth inning, Mack being given his base on called balls, and was enabled to steal second by a muff of Nelson's, and coming home on Cuthbert's out to Martin. The Mutuals were then retired in one-two-three order, Bechtel making a pretty stop and throw to first. The Philadelphias made a couple of runs in the seventh inning, a decision by the umpire allowing Meyerle to hold his first base, spoiling a fine double play made by Nelson, Start and Holdsworth, and as Bechtel and Fulmer followed with fine hits, two runs were scored instead of one that was earned by Bechtel; Fulmer, however, being put out, having overrun second base. The Mutuals were again retired without scoring, although Start had reached first by an error of Mack's, a magnificent line-catch by Holdsworth, and a man he assisted to put out at first base, then put out the Philadelphias without scoring, it being a strange fact that the first out of the Philadelphias, at first base, happened in this, the eighth inning. The Mutuals were put out in one-two-three order by the good fielding of Fulmer and Meyerle. In the last inning Wood, after being missed on a foul-fly by Hatfield, was given his base on called balls, and scored a run, assisted by a couple of wild throws by Higham and an excusable error of Holdsworth's. Start also giving Fulmer a life at first base, not being able, on account of the sun, to see the ball fielded rather high to him by Nelson. Treacy concluded the inning, leaving two men on the bases, by giving Hatfield a chance to make a foul-fly. This won the game for the Mutuals, who failed to score in their spare inning, although Higham had made a base-hit. The Philadelphias were outbatted and outfielded from the start; the very effective pitching of Matthews and the almost faultless fielding of the Mutuals making run-getting a difficult matter. Bechtel pitched remarkably well for the Philadelphias in the last six innings, and, with better support in the field than he had on this occasion, would prove very effective against any nine. Wood, at second, played his usual fine fielding game, and Bechtel excelled in batting for the Philadelphias; the pitching of Matthews and catching of Higham being the most noticeable features of the Mutuals' fielding. The following is the score:

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	MUTUAL.	R.	B.	PO.	A.
Cuthbert, l f	0	1	3	0	Eggler, c f	1	1	0	0
Wood, 2d b	1	0	2	4	Higham, c	1	1	11	0
Malone, c	0	0	3	1	Hatfield, 3d b	1	1	3	0
Meyerle, 3d b	1	0	2	2	Start, 1st b	0	1	2	2
Bechtel, p	1	2	2	2	Nelson, 2d b	1	1	3	1
Fulmer, s s	0	1	1	3	Martin, r f	0	0	1	0
Treacy, c f	0	0	0	0	Matthews, p	0	1	0	0
Mack, 1st b	1	0	14	0	Gedney, l f	0	1	4	0
Devlin, r f	1	0	0	0	Holdsworth, s s	2	1	3	2
Totals	4	4	27	13	Totals	8	8	27	5

Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	1	—4
Mutual	0	0	0	5	2	1	0	0	0	—8

Runs earned—Philadelphia, 1; Mutual, 0. Bases on errors—Philadelphia, 2; Mutual, 7. Umpire—J. P. Sensenderfer, Athletic Club. Time—1.50.

NAMELESS vs. POWHATAN.

These two prominent amateur clubs of Brooklyn, N. Y., met at Prospect Park for the first time on Sept. 27, and after an exceedingly well contested game the Nameless nine came in the victors by a score of 7 to 6 only. The Powhatans were organized under the name of the Work and Win Club, but recently they changed their name to the Powhatans, and this was their second game under their new title, they having previously defeated the Montagne Club of Brooklyn, by 16 to 1. The feature of the contest was the fine exhibition of catching made by Grierson, in the face of a very swift delivery of the ball by Valentine, he putting out sixteen players of the twenty one. The score below gives the details:

NAMELESS.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	POWHATAN.	R.	B.	PO.	A.
Coleman, l f	0	1	0	0	Pringle, l f	2	1	2	0
Nelson, 2d b	0	1	1	0	Hobbell, r f	0	1	3	0
Grierson, c	1	1	14	2	Hibben, 3d b	0	0	0	0
Thetford, s s	0	0	0	0	Dodge, 1st b	0	1	3	0
Brasher, 1st b	3	1	2	0	Wilson, p	1	2	0	2
Mayhew, c f	0	0	0	0	Cox, c	1	0	2	1
Smith, 1st b	1	2	4	0	Hartman, c f	2	1	2	0
Valentine, p	1	1	0	1	Kuhn, 2d b	0	0	6	0
Gray, r f	1	0	0	0	Gale, s s	0	0	3	4
Totals	7	7	21	3	Totals	6	6	21	7

Nameless	0	0	0	4	0	0	2	0	1	—7
Powhatan	1	0	0	0	2	1	2			0—6

BOSTON vs. MUTUAL.

The ninth and final game of the championship series between the above-named clubs was played on the grounds of the Bostons Sept. 27, and was so one-sided as not to merit a detailed description. The score follows:

BOSTON.	R.	B.	PO.	A.	MUTUAL.	R.	B.	PO.	A.
G. Wright, s s	3	3	1	4	Eggler, c f	2	1	2	0
Barnes, 2d b	1	2	3	2	Higham, c	1	1	7	1
Spalding, p	1	1	2	2	Hatfield, 3d b	1	2	2	2
Leonard, l f	2	1	1	1	Start, 1st b	0	1	8	1
White, c	3	1	6	0	Nelson, 2d b	0	1	3	3
O'Rourke, 1st b	2	0	13	1	Martin, r f	0	1	0	0
Addy, r f	3	3	0	0	Matthews, p	0	1	0	0
Schafer, 3d b	1	1	0	4	Gedney, l f	0	0	4	0
H. Wright, c f	1	2	1	0	Holdsworth, s s	0	0	2	4
Totals	15	18	27	14	Totals	4	8	27	11

Boston	4	1	1	2	0	1	2	0	4	—15
Mutual	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—4

Runs earned—Bostons, 5; Mutuals, 2. First base on errors—Bostons, 3; Mutuals, 2. Total fielding errors—Bostons, 4; Mutuals, 12. Fly catches—Bostons, 6; Mutuals, 10. Foul catches—Higham, 5; White, 4. Passed balls—White, 1; Higham, 2. Struck out—Nelson, 2. Umpire—Mr. Tyler of the Harvards. Time, 2h. 10m.

THE ROSEDALE CLUB.

The following is the record of games played by the Rosedale Baseball Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the junior championship:

July 12, Rosedale vs. Contest of Flatbush	25 to 9
July 19, Rosedale vs. Contest of Flatbush	26 20
July 24, Rosedale vs. Modocs of Brooklyn	30 10
Aug. —, Rosedale vs. Aldine of Brooklyn	22 12
Aug. —, Rosedale vs. Wynona of Flatbush	23 7
Aug. —, Rosedale vs. Aldine of Brooklyn	11 4
Aug. —, Rosedale vs. Excelsior of Brooklyn (10 inns)	9 8
Aug. 19, Rosedale vs. Excelsior of Brooklyn (10 inns)	16 13
Sept. 4, Rosedale vs. Favorita of Leona, N. J.	34 2
Sept. 15, Rosedale vs. Baltic of Melrose, N. Y.	29 42
Sept. 20, Rosedale vs. Wynona of Flatbush	27 9
Totals	252 146

SHORT STOPS.—The Athletics and Arlingtons, both of the metropolis, played a match on Prospect Park, Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 22, the former winning by a score of 36 to 7. A few days before, the Athletics beat the Keystones, scoring 40 to 18.....At Hunter's Point, L. I., a game was played Sept. 22 by the Flyaways and Unknowns, the first named winning by a score of 4 to 1.....The Unas and Boston, Jr., contended for the championship of Massachusetts recently, the former scoring 35 to 11.....The Arlingtons of this city defeated the Alerts of Seton Hall by a score of 29 to 22.....Oct. 2, the Arlingtons play the Rosehills of St. John's College, at Fordham, N. Y.....The Stars of New York defeated the Invincibles of St. John's College, on the 28th, by a score of 23 to 13 .....The Knickerbockers will play their return match with the Englewood Club, at Hoboken, Oct. 3, and on Oct. 10 they play their return game with the Staten Island nine at the same place.....The Flatbush Winonas played a match with the Washington nine on Saturday, at Prospect Park, and won easily by a score of 30 to 5 in a five-inning game. Longmere caught for the Winonas until his hand was injured. He is a good baseball player as well as an active cricketer. The Winonas have a strong nine ready to play baseball on skates at the Park this Winter.....The Nassaus also defeated the Concords the same day by 18 to 7.

THE PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATION COMMITTEES.—There seems to be some information necessary in regard to the membership of the Associated Committees, for at the special meeting held in Philadelphia last week proxies acted for the regular delegates, against the rules of the Association. The Judiciary Committee of the Professional Association is composed of Messrs. Hall, Young, Garrigan, Smith and Ferguson, and none but these gentlemen can act on this committee. The Championship Committee is composed of Messrs. H. Wright, Frank McBride and Hicks Hayhurst, and these three only can act. It would be a nice thing for any club desirous of gaining a special object to get in their proxies to act on either of these committees. Any special meeting of the Association, too, can only be held by the regular delegates, who acted at the convention last March, no proxy voting being allowed.

GAMES THIS WEEK.—On Sept 30, the Mutuals play an exhibition game with the Bostons on the Union grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., these two clubs having finished their championship series together. On Wednesday the Bostons play the Atlantics on the same grounds, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday play the Baltimores, Washingtons, and Athletics, on the latter's grounds. On Thursday the Athletics play the Mutuals at Brooklyn, and on Saturday the Philadelphias come on here to play the Mutuals.

DEATH'S DOINGS.—Fred W. Beasley, Jr., formerly a well-known amateur baseball and cricket player, died at Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 18, aged 29. J. Warren Johnson, who at one time played with the Olympic Club of Philadelphia, and also with the picked nine of that city in their games with the picked nines of New York and Brooklyn in 1862, died in Philadelphia Sept. 21, aged 54. He was also a member of the Young America Cricket Club, with whom he played up to last season.

THE TURF.

PROSPECT PARK FALL TROTTING MEETING.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 213.

THIRD DAY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 27.

HOPEFUL WINS THE PURSE FOR 2:45 HORSES AND IS RULED OFF THE TURF, TOGETHER WITH HIS OWNER AND DRIVER; CAMORS WINS THE 2:20 PURSE.

The third day of the Prospect Park Course Fall trotting meeting on Saturday, Sept. 27, was productive of an unexpected sensation among the assembled turfmen. The day being fine, and the programme of sport unusually attractive, there was a large attendance. The first race was for horses that had never beaten 2:45 when the entries closed, on Sept. 15, for a purse of $1,000. Of the fourteen horses entered, Black Bashaw, Prince and Versailles were drawn. In the pools sold at Chamberlin's and Johnson's rooms on the previous night, Hopeful, who had won the three-minute race on the first day of the meeting, in three straight heats, the second being in 2:28, was made a hot favorite, with Everett Ray selling for second choice, and the rest in the field. The Hopeful party, who believing in New England, saw here a fine chance of making lots of money by throwing the race, and they at once set to work to effect their object. They therefore resolved to "pull" Hopeful; and with him made safe, they fully expected that Everett Ray would win the race, and they therefore bought him heavily in the pools sold on the course. This proceeding aroused suspicion, especially when they found Everett Ray selling for $150, and Hopeful, the horse that had beaten him with ease on the first day, only bringing $100, and the field $50. From appearances it was evident that an arrangement existed for Everett Ray to win, and Hopeful to lose, and the backers of the latter, finding they were "put in the hole," were loud in their denunciations of the transaction. The horses were started for the first heat, and Everett Ray won in 2:30, Jarvis, the driver of Hopeful, making no effort to send his horse along, but keeping him going at about a 2:45 gait. In the interval between heats Everett Ray was heavily backed, at $100 to $40 on him. The second heat was won by Miss Miller, in 2:32½, Hopeful being again pulled in the most palpable manner. An appeal was now made to the judges by several gentlemen for a change of driver, and the customary $25 for his payment was proffered them. They accordingly removed George Washington Jarvis, and substituted Charley Green as Hopeful's driver; the result being a wonderful change in the pool-selling, for Hopeful now brought $200, Everett Ray $125, and the field $60. In Charley Green's hands, Hopeful won the third heat in 2:26, the fourth in 2:27, and the fifth and race easily by ten lengths in 2:25. To punish the persons connected with Hopeful, the Messrs. Chase, the owner, Jarvis the driver, and the horse himself were ruled off all tracks belonging to the National Association for ever, thus preventing them for all time from disgracing the American trotting turf, unless reinstated by the Board of Appeals. Summary:

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.—Third day, Saturday, September 27, 1873. Judges, Messrs. Hoagland, Layton and Burk.

Purse No. 5, $1,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:45 at the time of entry. Mile heats, three in five, in harness; $500 to the first, $250 to the second, $150 to the third, and $100 to the fourth.

W. Barnard's b g Hopeful									
J. Eckerson's b g Everett Ray	J. Murphy	1	3	2	2	3			
G. M. Ferguson's b m Miss Miller	Owner	2	1	4	3	2			
L. S. Sammis's g g Fort Washington		6	2	5	6	6			
Ben Mace's b m Nettie Walton		3	5	3	4	4			
P. Manee's s g I Guess So	H. Howe	5	7	6	5	5			
J. Splan's br g Chester		9	8	10	7	dis			
S. Baker's b m Gulnare		8	10	9	8	dr			
E. M. Howard's b m Lucca	J. Trout	10	6	8	dis				
T. S. Carpenter's ch m Lizzie Keeler	D. Mace	4	9	7	dr				
James Chandler's b h Trustee	J. Phillips	dis							

Time, 2:30, 2:32½, 2:26, 2:27, 2:25.

The second race was for horses that had never beaten 2:21, for a purse of $3,000. The withdrawal of Lulu and Lady Banker left the race to Huntress, Gazelle, William H. Allen, Sensation and Camors. Gazelle was made a hot favorite, selling for $250; Sensation $140; Huntress $50; and the field (Camors and Allen) for $100. The first heat was won by Sensation in 2:22½; the favorite, Gazelle, to the consternation of her backers, being distanced for running. This made Sensation a favorite at $100 to $40 against the field, and he won the second heat in 2:24, the betting fraternity now eagerly offering $100 to $15 on his winning the race; but again did they receive a facer, for after plunging first on Gazelle, and afterwards on Sensation, they were doomed to witness the race carried off by Camors, who won the third, fourth and fifth heats. Sensation took second, and Huntress third money; W. H. Allen being distanced in the third heat. Summary:

SAME DAY.—Purse No. 6, $3,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:20 at the time of entry. Mile heats, three in five, in harness; $1,500 to the first, $700 to the second, $300 to the third, and $300 to the fourth; entrance 10 per cent. of the purse; closed with seven entries.

J. J. Bowen's blk g Camors									
B. Mace's b g Sensation	D. Mace	1	1	2	2	2			
A. Goldsmith's b m Huntress	J. Trout	3	2	3	3	3			
P. Manee's b h William H. Allen		4	dis						
J. Harker's b m Gazelle	C. S. Green	dis							

Time, 2:22¾, 2:24, 2:23½, 2:21¾, 2:24¾.

AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICE.—MISS SUSAN DENIN, supported by a company from Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, played BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S PERIL, OR LOVE AT LONG BRANCH, At the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 24, 25, to $1,372. HENRY DEAKIN, Manager. Managers desirous of playing this piece with Miss Denin can address BARTLEY CAMPBELL, 27-1t* Hooley's Theatre, Chicago.

MRS. MOLLIE BARNARD, First Old Woman and general responsible actress. 160 Bleecker street, N. Y. 27-1t*

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
GRAND OPENING
OF THE
Regular Fall and Winter Season.
AMERICA'S CHOICE.
First appearance, since her return from Europe, of America's favorite Songstress,
MRS. JAS. A. OATES,
Supported by her New and Grand COMIC OPERA COMANY.
Organized and qualified to produce English Comic Opera in a style of magnificence never before equalled in the world, embracing the very best Musical and Dramatic talent that could be procured in England and America, together with a full chorus of fresh and well-trained voices, fully competent to produce all the Popular and New Comic Operas in a

SUPERIOR MUSICAL AND ARTISTIC MANNER.

The company comprises the following Ladies and Gentlemen:

W. H. Crane,	W. H. Tilla,	Annie Kemp Bowler,
W. H. Woodfield,	J. H. Jones,	Miss Nellie Larkelle,
Ed. Horan,	Wm. Duane,	Miss Pauline Merritt,
Wm. Carrister,	H. Caldwell,	Miss Tracy White,
W. M. Vandorn,	H. L. Meigs,	Miss Adale Wood,
E. F. Lunebach,	F. Cotta,	Miss T. Vincinia,
H. Brown,	Alice Kemp,	Miss La Grassa.

GRAND ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS.
FRANK A. HOWSON.....Musical Director
Stage Director.....W. H. CRANE
A NEW AND COSTLY WARDROBE,
Made by the best Costumers in London and Paris.
MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 29, 1873,
AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,
First time of Henry J. Byron's English version of Chas. Lecocq's beautiful Comic Opera, in three acts—"La Fille de Madame Angot"—entitled
MME. ANGOT'S CHILD!
ACT 1st.
MARKET PLACE IN BELVILLE.—March of the Innocents. Amaranthe relates the History of Madame Angot's Child. The Harber and the Poet. Ange Piton, escape from the Bastille. The Conspirators at work. The Compact. The Poet agrees to write a Revolutionary Song. 30,000 francs the Reward. Arrival of the Order of Arrest. Clariette a Prisoner. The Market Women to the Rescue.
ACT 2d.
APARTMENTS OF MLLE. LANGE, THE FEMALE FRIEND OF THE DIRECTORY.—Escape of Ange Piton. Love of the Poet for his Mistress. Clariette Forgotten. The Barber in Difficulties. The Song found in his Pocket. Away with him to Prison. The Mysterious Visitor. The Wiles of the Destroyer. Soldiers join the Dance of Death.
ACT 3d.
GARDEN AT BELVILLE.—Bal De Calypso. Dance Republicaine of 1792. The Market Woman and her Child. The Comic Conspirators. The Secret Revealed. Anxiety of Clariette. Her Hopes Answered. All made Happy. Re union of Pomponnet, the Barber and Clariette, Madame Angot's Child. 27-1t

TO MANAGERS OF TRAVELING COMPANIES.
An immensely funny three-act comedy from the French, by Messrs. Fred Williams and George Otis Ernst, entitled
A CHRISTMAS SUPPER,
was produced last March at the Boston Museum, and had its lengthened run to large houses. On the strength of its success there arrangements have already been made for its production early the coming season at
THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK,
and negotiations are now pending for its production in several of the larger cities of the country. Its Boston success may be seen from the following
OPINIONS OF THE BOSTON PRESS.
A most mirth-provoking production. The house in a continual roar.—TRAVELLER, March 25.
Overflowing with fun.—GLOBE, March 25.
Merry and entertaining. The total effect is that of a clever but roaring farce.—ADVERTISER, March 25.
Crisp and exceedingly Frenchy. Very racy.—POST, March 25.
A very amusing comedy.—COURIER, March 30.
A bright, merry, pleasing piece.—COMMERCIAL BULLETIN, March 29.
An almost excessive amount of "funny business."—TIMES, March 30.
A really wonderful success.—ADVERTISER, April 4.
Responsible managers of FIRST-CLASS traveling companies, who can command the services of a good light or low comedian, and who are desirous of securing territory for the above production, will be treated with on the most liberal terms. Address
GEORGE OTIS ERNST, Cambridge, Boston, Mass.
Communications are also invited from managers of first-class combination theatres. 27-1t*

JERSEY CITY THEATRE,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.
M. CAMPBELL AND FRED. LUBIN,
Proprietors and Managers.
B. A. BAKER.....Business-manager
This elegant Theatre, now in course of completion, will be opened for the season MONDAY, SEPT. 29, with the world-renowned Mafitt and Bartholomew Pantomime Troupe, to be followed by Mr. Edward Coleman and a powerful cast. An engagement has been effected with Mrs. F. B. Conway and her full company, from her Brooklyn Theatre, who will appear Oct. 13, besides other powerful attractions. First-class Stars and Combinations address
B. A. BAKER, Jersey City Theatre, or
COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
27-1t 9 West Fourth street, N. Y.

BLANCHARD AND ASH,
ACROBATS AND GYMNASTS,
Can be engaged for the
COMING WINTER SEASON.
EDMUND ASH,
In his great
SPADE AND LADDER ACT.
Performing the wonderful feat of playing a
TAMBORINE SOLO
While balancing on his Spade.
Responsible Managers may address
27-1t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

THE GREAT MLLE. ZOE ZEONETTI
AND
MONS. RENENI,
Champion Double Trapeze Performers of America, now traveling with the Great North American Circus and Hippodrome, will be at liberty to engage on and after Oct. 27, with first-class managers of Variety Halls. Business Double Trapeze and Flying Man of the air. All managers address their agent,
27-1t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

THE COMPANY
engaged by W. E. Spalding, for the Southern traveling tour, will assemble in Richmond Oct. 9, for rehearsal.
E. T. PARKER,
27-1t Acting Manager.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, Stage-carpenter, old man, heavy man, juvenile man and walking gent.
27-1t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

EVER AHEAD!!!
With much difficulty I have succeeded in drawing from Political life, for a time, the distinguished soldier, Captain of Indian Scouts and Great Hunter and Guide,
HON. ED. PARKER,
Better known on the Plains as
"LONE TREE NED,"
A BONA-FIDE MEMBER OF THE
NEBRASKA LEGISLATURE,
Where he served with honor last Winter. I had intended to have a
MEMBER OF CONGRESS
in my company, but the "Salary Steal" of the session makes them dangerous property. Thus the
"PRAIRIE SCOUTS"
move on from victory to victory, achieving new triumphs wherever their course bends.
27-4t **BUNTLINE.**

THE ORIGINAL AND FAMOUS BROTHERS,
LEOPOLD,
JOHN, WILLIAM AND MASTER FREDERICK, THE
Boy Wonders,
whose "DOUBLE TRAPEZZE SOMERSAULTS FROM THE BAR," and
MARVELOUS PERFORMANCE
have created a MARKED SENSATION with JOHN H. MURRAY'S GREAT RAILROAD CIRCUS during the past season, will terminate their engagement OCTOBER 13, embarking immediately thereafter for
LONDON,
TO REAPPEAR AT
HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE. 27-1t*

MANUSCRIPT PLAYS!
GO TO HEADQUARTERS AND GET THE BEST.
AUTHORS' AGENCY,
615 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Has supplied many of the best stars and met the approbation of all professionals.
FROM THIS OFFICE:
"The two best dramas I have secured."—YANKEE DOODLE.
"The most dramatic New Magdalen."—PHILA. PRESS.
"Useful to all and must succeed."—MANY MANAGERS.
OVER FIFTY MSS. ALREADY ISSUED.
LIST SENT MONTHLY. 27-1t*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Sept. 23, 1873.
MR. R. STICKNEY, SIR:—A boarding-house keeper has complained that you were in Miss Mayhew's room last night very late, and that you did not leave until long past midnight, thereby infringing one of her rules involving the good repute of her house.
It is only a few days ago I had occasion to call your attention to the fact that your attentions to one of the ladies of the company were unbecoming an official

TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

A LONG BRANCH SENSATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ZEKEL ALLSPICE, ESQ.

Dramatis Personæ.—Count Otto Von Switzerkayzl, in search of a wife; Miss Augusta Jane Snooks, in search of a husband; Mr. Josiah Snooks, a retired grocery-man, and down on foreign Counts; Mrs. Josiah Snooks, who wants blue blood in the family; Miss Mehitable Perkins, the heroine's maiden aunt in the country, and suspicious of everybody.

SCENE FIRST—*The beach at Long Branch. Moonlight. Time, 10 P. M.*

COUNT OTTO VON SWITZERKAYZL *spreads himself:*

Dear maiden, from whose azure eyes sweet Cupid's arows gleam,
None half so fair as thee, I swear, fills memory's pleasant dream.
I wandered through the weary world, to me all joys were vain,
Until my heart gushed forth to thee, my own Augusta Jane.
To twinkling stars and amorous moon, record my faithful vow—
No Switzerkayzl ever loved as I adore thee now;
I swear it by the trenchant blade my ancestor won
When, under King Gambrinus brave, he smote the daring Hun;
I swear it by my vast estates, that gird the laughing Rhine,
No maiden wave Augusta Jane shall wear this heart of mine.
Turn not away thy lovely face, with radiant charms aglow,
Pure as the rose in early Spring, baptised with sudden snow.
You love me—oh, eternal bliss! what rapture thrills my soul!
For we will wed, my darling girl, where Long Branch billows roll.
But joined in Hymen's velvet bands, should dark misfortune frown,
Do you imagine, dearest love, thy parent would "come down?"

Thus MISS AUGUSTA JANE SNOOKS *responded:*

Ah, valiant Otto, rendered dear by sympathy's sweet tie,
Beneath thy smile how bright the world, how lovely seems the ske-ig!
The gel-orious moon and glit-iring ste-ars, far in the azure bel-ue,
Record the mutual vows of love forever will prove ter-ue.
How dear the thought, no other form attracts thy noble gel-ance,
Among the dark-eyed ge-irls of Spain, or maids of sunny Fer-ance!
Yes, Andalusia's charms were vain, as Paris' *Bullywards.*
To win my treasured Otto's love, or claim his fond regards.
Thy pedigree is crowned with fame, since Gambrinus' career,
In peace or war thy honored name is loyal to the bier.
My parent owneth house and land, of lucre he hath store,
But thou hast castles and estates, and what is much more!
Though I, a fond, confiding ge-irl, scarce understand such things,
Love in a cottage often dwells, and shunneth sourts and kings.
Nay, dearest Otto, "cheese" that frown, and wear thy wining smile—
I think I spya will "pony up" in "hunky-dory" style.

SCENE SECOND.—*Private parlor at the Ocean House.* MR. AND MRS. JOSIAH SNOOKS *discovered peering out of the window.* *Dickebills, Tune,* 11 P. M.

MR. JOSIAH SNOOKS *puts his ear in:*

Wife, I shall cut this business short, and speak right to the point, plane dot plizzin;
I think that whiskered foreign chap is sweet on 'Gusty Janes
He's toteing her around the beach, and spouting to the moon,
But I'll be—I almost swore a swear—if I don't change his tunes.
I bet he rants of hearts and darts, of Cupids and Psyches,
And wants to sort my dollars earned by selling lard and cheese;
Though, if this court knows herself, and much she thinks she do,
I'll settle up this Count-No-Count, and discount him a bit.
'Gusty can "parley vous" in French, and knows a heap of things;
She's been to Saratoga twice, and Schuyler's Mountain Springs;
She learned to paint at boarding-school—but, Mrs. Snooks, I note
Her specimens of sheep and sich resemble Joseph's coat.
I bargained that our 'Gusty Jane should learn to sing and play
Her education cost too much to throw herself away,
And should he put on airs with her, I'll go in with a vim,
And "mansard roof" his upper works, and "put a head" on him.

MRS. JOSIAH SNOOKS *lectures him thus:*

Josiah Snooks, don't talk so queer, and get conniption fits,
Or everybody at the Branch will think you've lost your wits.
Augusta Jane is twenty-one, and you need never fear
But, may be, when or where she will, she'll grace her proper *spear.*
You're rich enough, good gracious knows, to sink affairs of trade,
And only last night, at the ball, a fine *fine pase* you made
When *Mounsieur* Frisky sought my hand to join the *Lancer* dance,
You asked him if he thought 'twould pay to ship bullfrogs to France,
And added, "I don't shake a leg, because I have the gout;
But my old girl quotes pretty fair, and you may trot her out."
Great leavings, Snooks, I thought I'd faint to hear such language bold,
While he kept muttering *sacre blues* until my blood ran cold.
My husband called "perfide Snooks" was something rather rare,
And in our present *spear* of life such words I can't—ah—
Josiah, break my bleeding heart, but spare our darling child;
As Count's are not caught every day, do try and draw it mild.

SCENE THIRD.—*Miss* MEHITABLE PERKINS' *residence at the village of Pochuck. She is discovered pondering over a letter. Postman receding in the distance.*

MISS MEHITABLE PERKINS *apostrophizes after this manner:*

A letter. Well, if ever!—no, never, never did.
The postman says a valentine—the massy sakes forbid!
And there's a little naked boy, that's got a bow and quiver,
A-aiming at two bleeding hearts, a-corner of the kiver.
My name in Polly Snooks' hand, unless my memory fails.
'Taint decent at her time of life to thus corrupt the mails.
Some wicked, for sticky stuff that looks like dough or paste—
That must be Dutch for postage paid, or else it means post-haste.

[Breaks the seal.]

Good gracious me! I never read such goin's-on as these—
My niece has changed her maiden name to suthin like a sneeze—
Married to Count Switz-thingummy. No cards, and wedding plain.
Lucky he aint a gamboler, for poor Augusta Jane.
I thank my stars when I was young there were few boarding-schools;
This comes of edducating gals to *hy*falutin rules.
"Its very strange," as Solomon remarked, which so rash,
For foreign Counts are pesky short of hous'ns, land and cash,
And like as not Switz-what's-his-name will shiver all our hearts,
And steal the silver spoons and things, and flee to foreign parts.

Various scene by the principal characters, in which the author also has his say. Time, one month later. Grand tableau.

AUTHOR:

Bright rolled the golden honeymoon, swift sped the fleeting hours,
Connubial bliss, enraptured dream, baptised the earth in flowers.
In pensive mood they sought the beach to hear the breakers roar
And gathered shells the wild sea-waves had washed upon the shore.
The fairy vision fades away, and we must change the scene.
"Where festive sports, like playful lambs, oft gambol on the green.
The Tiger at John Chamberlin's purrs o'er his evening steak,
And gives an invitation free to all who would partake.
His winning ways so charm the lambs, it seems the age of peace,
And modern Jason seldom fails to find a golden fleece.
The Count has anchored in the *Pot* and seeks to gather spoil,
Though there is no "pot luck" for him, because the pot don't boil;
And like with narre he tries jack-king, with other sports among,
But sheds no tear for that poor soul who was in Boston Hune.
He courts the queen—the Tiger purrs, she proves a sad coquette—
Count Switzerkayzl is dead broke, with pockets all to let;
His castles by the deep blue Rhine have vanished into air.
Where are his rich and vast domains?—and echo answers "where?"
They've gone like to a faded dream, by memory forgot—
Jere Johnson could not get a bid, or nickle for the lot.

TERRIFIC FINALE.

The Countess heard the thrilling news, and wildly tore her hair—
A spindled chignon, just the style, and of a color rare—
And sent unto her parents dear, "My heart is doomed to break,
For Otto is a healthy beast, and only on the make.
He owns no castles in the air—a barbarous man is he
To wrong a poor but confiding ge-irl, as Injun can be true.
The trenchant blade of which he boasts is but a razor keen—
Mamma, I'd like to die in Spring, for having been so green;
Loan me thy shooter, ke-ind papa, for 'tis my sole resource
To wing him, and then lecture 'round while sueing for divorce;
And should he perish by my hand, the lawyers will maintain
I did the deed without intent, emotionally insane."

MORAL.

Ye who peruse this thrilling tale, take warning ere too late—
Be virtuous, or you might meet with Switzerkayzl's fate.
The gentle shootist he so wronged soon curbed his gay career.
Though he was scarcely worth the shot that brought him to his bier.
The gallant and heroic dead was honored by the laws,
And then she lectured on the case with thunders of applause.
All things are lovely and serene, her family quite well,
But never more she cares to wed a noble Long Branch swell.

DER LEETLE VIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NIC SLATER.

Dhere she goes, bustlin und shkibbin around so lifely like a flea-bird, mit her leetle face bainted all ofer mit bleasant satisfactions, und full mit grate imbortances of der ewent vat's she's brebarin for. Pecause it is a imbortant ewent, vhen she's a hobbin around for. She's a gottin subber ready for der "olt man" (dot's me myself), who's yoost comed in from der bodderations of der day, mit a abbydide so headly like a den-dollar greenbax dot's porty. My abbydide dot's *always* bin quite a feature py my gonstitutions, but on dis bardigular occasion it outdoes himself, on cound of gittin sharbened nb to der highest pitches py der gomfortable shmells of der writhes vat a gottin cooked-poiled on der shtofe instiful vich shmells walks up mein nose ub into mine brain in a mosd delightful manner, und causes a feeling of grate subreme satisfications to proke oud all ofer me, und I vas mit all der vorlidt got beace, und he got me no malices, not nopoddy no matter who she is.

Oh, I but tid dake a leetle pleasant sight for my proken-Dutch eyes! Oder mans may got blenty more much money as I'm got. (Indeed, I pelief you dot!) But I'm plamed uf dhey'm got a heab more gontentments py dheir prains as I got me, exbecially on such a occasions as like dis von I'm dalking aboud. Let dhem rich beobles keep dheir money, (I pelief—und kinder dink—dhey *will* keeb id, vedder I let dhem or not!)

I keeb my prains fresh und glean mit gontentments, und I got me no vorry dhere to durn upside oud my paforehead to find me some oudlet for my own shkull mit grazyness! No-sir-ree; I'm builded to enjoy dis life in a different vay, und dis is der vay I'm delling you aboud.

Yoost look at dis bicture of "Dooking id Easy." Here I am a sottin' in my shair, righd in my family's poseoms, a dookin a read after der grubbles of der day, mit my gowhide boots der corner kigged in, und my foots abdicked in a couble old shlibbers loose like a busted balloon.

Dhere in der olt arm-shair sits der "Olt Lady" vat I dold you bout before, lookin so qviet like usual, und also like myself a squinting kinder bleasantful at der table, und dooking a oggasional shnuff of der shteamy wittles mit wisible satisfactions dhereof.

On der floor, a pullin der oder end sido of der cat was leetle Fritzey, ze habby like plazes, mit der dirt knocked off of his moud und his hair ironed down nice und shmood, und lookin der werry bicture of a fat, leetle Dutchman vat he is.

Und dhere's der cat vat boards mit us, dookin all der pullin from Fritzey in a werry batientful vay, und lookin at him as much as to say: "Now, Fritzey, I voon't schqueal uf you pull shmiderseus oud of my dail, bud dhen, Fritzey, so soon you got to der table you mued yoost shlib me under der shair a hunk of cold meats, und I shlide off und ead id on der quiet—voon't you, leetle poy?" Dot's der vay der cat dinks aboud id, und I know it mildout mistdooks! Vell, und dhen to gomblete der bigture, dhere's my leetle vife herself floatin round dhere und here und eferywhere a vorking ub dings for a yoost, solid meal. Her shoulders dhem's rolled ub to der arms, und she's got on a neat leetle dress—silk, welwet, muslin or galico, or someding dot vay—und her hair dot's kicked pack from her beforehead off und prushed shmood down in vafy gurls und blenty vaterfalls, und tied up in a nice bunch mit a ribbons or a shoe-strings or someding, und—vell, I'm plamed uf I kin make descriptions vat she's dressed out mit, bud dis I know, dot as I sit me here a squinting at her as she runs from der shtofe to der dable mit a hot-smoky plate of someding or oder, or knocks der tea-kettles on der shtofe to a blace vhere it'll pegun to sing pooty qvick in a hurry, or vhile she prings Fritzey a shlap in his head for bulling der boor cat most loose from his tail, or dooks a sociable look at me vhile she's shuckin der saucer-cubs in dheir blaces—I say as I look at her vhile she's doing any some of dhese dings, I fell me brodd my posom in, und dhankful like I don't kin exbres himself. Brond dot I'm der brobrietor of such a shmart, lifely leetle pooty gal, und dhankful dot I'm got der blessins dot she lofes me all to bieces mit shtrong lofes her heart in, und dot ve agree so berfect like von und dwo in dhree dimes? Dhankful, I say, dot ve'm satisfied to lif togedder as Dutchman und vife, mit der resolutions und feelings pooty shtrong in der posom of der breast of our hearts to dink blenty goot heabs of von each oder, now und foreferly while ve'm drafelling togedder on dis voridt down here; und to hobe ve'll come agross each oder und keeb ub der bartnership in der nexdest voridt—dat mysderious blace vot ve faint got der full bartigulars come to hand yet already!

Dhankful dot ve'm got it so arranged dot ve kin hafe gonfersations von mit each oder, midoud howlin schvears at each oder so loud you cood hear dhem in der dark, py gracious! Dot ain't *exactly* der vay der married life's he's blessant und poetry, sir-ree, you'm right, aind I? I know some bleinty fellers vat's got der habit shtrong to hafe gonfersations in dis vay mit dheir "vorse-bedder-half," oxbecially vhen someding wrong don't vent righd, or vhen der subber-table he aint ready cool enough, or vhen der shirt of der posom aint pooty clean ironed shmood und shinny like a blates of glass; or vhen der shirt-puttons he's shkibbed off oud of sighd, und vhen you vent to putton on him someding he won't ahere, by jiminy, und you vas mad like a hog righd avay, und vant to bet your vife (who got shkared und hobbed in der gorner back!) fourdeen cents dot she's a fool, unt don't know nodding at all, unt can't do nodding righd, und *always* done vrong, und is shdoopid like a shild, und has a bad like a sinner, und lazy like a old shoe, und—und eferyding else vat dhere is bad und ungomfortable-yoost pecause der planed putton he vasn't shduck tight der shirt on! Now, aint dot a bienty foolishzeus? Of such a leetle handful of bodderations gits you so vild, how graceful vill you pehafe vhen a whole vaggon-load of drubble comes on your house inside! For instances, vhen your vife, gittin dired of gittin blenty too much abuses in redurn for blenty too much vork, und blenty too little enjoyments, blows up plain der glear of her head, und bobs off mit anoder feller mit a blue eyes, a curly headds, und a plack heart!

Or vhen, berhabs, der vife, dinkin der game vas doo von-sided und vas blayed oud, dooks der qvarrelsomeness ub herself, und shurbrises der husband feller mit von fine day-dimes vhen she's *lettin* her listen to der usual orations py obenin her moud so loud like a shteam vistle und singin oud to him der facts dot dis kind of pizness vas yoost aboud blayed oud, und she's plamed py a plamed sight uf she's goin to bin der audience any longer, und dot she's goin to hafe *someding* to say she herself, und a plame goot deal too, und uf he dinks he's goin to dell her such sassy oxbressions day after day, und goin to keeb on a bein so plamed bersonal mit her—uf he dinks dis kind of vay, vy, all *she* kin say is dot he's *awful* much misdooken, und der sooner he finds dot der sooner id vill bin for him, und he vill blease got understakdandings of dis so qvick he kin, und uf his plamed puttons go proke off, vy, py all dot's honest, he kin vear a needle und nail it on himself on cound of bein so sassy, und uf he gontinues in dis vay she vill ——

Vell, you know der vaggle of some vooman's tongue. Vell, vhen you got your vife—vat vonce dinked so blenty much of you—vaggling her moud at you in der apofe vay, it vas safe to say dot der bird dhere in der house he vas come, der gontentments und shociability vas run der house oud, und bassion und drubble vas shneak in und estaplish dhemselfs tight. Und so dherefore vas I got dhankfulness to say dot me und my leetle vife ve got along in a different kind of a shtyles.

She got blenty to do (like most blendy vifes), der gootness knows, und dherefore I got me not no righd to hob around like a wild elephant-lion mit his tail burned loose yoost pecause of der drifle dot she habbened to forgot aoout shticking a putton sewed on vonce; und I got me no righd to grumble at her berformations dot she's yoost *apout* der *werry* baddest leetle vooman I efer saw, yoost pecause der starches on der shirt he vasn't pooty qvite shiney enough; Dhem vooman folks—a good blenty of dhem—vas builded mit a extra allowances of some sensitiveness py dheir feelings, und vhen dhey hear dheir stuffs a gottin apused like a pig for some leetle drifle, dot does dhem not no goot no vay, und you know it himself efery poddy!

Und so for dot reasons I got along mit my partner in a easy, shociable manner, und der vorldt he vas abbear to us qvite brighd und lifelyful for all der drubble dherein.

Togedder ve vork und togedder ve rest; she's foolish enough to belief dhere's no oder feller *anyheres* kin be found like me—und I'm foolish enough same vay boud her! Id's werry foolish altogedder, no doubt, to der oudsider—but it's *awful* plamed bleasant; und I adwise der oudsider to vent und bin foolish der same vay so soon as bossible.

Go get a nice leetle wife. Treat her like she vas *awful* dear to you, und gif her blendy kisses und caresses, und such bleasant foolishnesses. She likes dhem—und dhey hurt not a bit; und you bin surbrised to know how shtrong vas dheir helb in buildin tight in her leetle heart der lofe, der admirations, und der affections aboud you. Gif her not blenty to do, too much vork to do. Let her vash der subber-table, of gourse; but in der madder of skrubbin der floor loose, und such dings, vy, you bedder dry to hire von of der numerous ladies vat follows dot bardigular brofession.

Dress ub your leetle vife so booty you kin afford; took her bienty nice valks around on der nice veder, und visit der dheadre vonce or dwice in a vhile; don't *not nefer* forget yourself und run der risk of shboilin efryding, py adopting der *too* general oxcondricities of talkin sharp, big vordds to your leetle vife; *nefer* don't say "Tam you!" instead of "Bless you!" *nefer* don't gif her a bull of head, or a smack of der eye; always share your efening lager togedder, talk of der goot brosbects ahead, got ub yourself, you lazy vroader, und make der fire, go halves mit dhem on der sauerkraut—in fact, don't efer vat you kin to made der bartnership agreeable on *your* part, und so shure dhere's a moon up shtairs in der shky your leetle vife vill made it gomfortable on *her* part, und you find yourselfs a goin on dreo der life togedder mit blendy goot satisfactions und bleasures eferywhere, und mit blenty broudfulness as your family he gots more blenty around you, dot you'm a doin der werry best you cood—und dot you'm succeedin *bully*—uf you know anyding about it—und you'm sure you do!

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

The remarkable career of Alexander Menschikoff, who rose to the highest offices of State in Russia during the reign of Peter the Great, is a remarkable instance of the fickleness of fortune exhibited not only in his rise, but in his downfall. He was born of parents who were so excessively poor that they could not afford to have him taught to read and write. After their death he went to Moscow, where he found an asylum with a pastrycook. He had a fine voice, and in a short time became well known in that great city by the musical tone of his cry when vending his master's pastry in the streets. Having attracted the notice of that eccentric monarch Peter the Great, he was taken into his service, and soon became a great favorite with him, accompanying him in his travels; and on several occasions he personated the Czar, who appeared as a private person in the train. In the war with Charles XII of Sweden, Menschikoff greatly distinguished himself, and won great honor at the celebrated battle of Pultowa, when Charles was totally defeated and fled to Bender. Peter now made Menschikoff First Minister, and conferred upon him the titles of Baron and Prince of the Russian Empire, and also the title of Duke of Ingria. It was through Menschikoff that the celebrated Catherine (afterwards Empress) was introduced to Peter. This remarkable woman was a Livonian of low birth, who, on the coming after her marriage with a sergeant in the Swedish army, found herself a prisoner of war to the Russians. She became the companion first of Gen. Brure; next of Count Schevemeten; and then of Menschikoff, by whom she was transferred to Peter when she was but nineteen years old. After a time he secretly married her, and when a period of twelve years had elapsed their marriage was publicly solemnized with great pomp at St. Petersburg (in 1724), on which occasion she received the diadem and sceptre from the hands of her husband. Peter died the following year, and she was proclaimed sovereign Empress of all the Russias. It is not very surprising that so extraordinary and sudden an elevation should cause Menschikoff sometimes to forget that he was a man. His enemies trembled in his presence; for, as his power was great, so was his revenge. After the death of his imperial master, to whom he was very devotedly attached, he remained faithful to Catherine; and upon her decease, in the year 1727 (which was hastened by intemperance), he placed the crown upon the head of Peter, the grandson of his benefactor, and son of the unfortunate Alexis, whose mother, Eudoxia, was the first wife of Peter the Great, and who was most barbarously treated by him. It is said that Menschikoff had formed the ambitious design of marrying his daughter to the young prince before he ascended the throne as Peter II. The sun of prosperity, however, which had hitherto shone in meridian splendor upon Alexander Menschikoff, was now fast sinking into the darkest gloom. The Dolgoroukis, a nobly family, who hated him, were artful, pliable, and insinuating. Peter was young, unsuspicious, and easily imposed upon by the frank and apparently disinterested friendship of the younger branches of the family. The old man who had placed him on the throne was now, at the instigation of the Dolgoroukis, resolved on, and a charge of peculating large sums of money was brought against him—when the fall of Menschikoff was even more rapid than his rise! As he had seldom shown mercy, so little was shown him, and he and his family were sentenced to banishment to Siberia—the mandate being attended with every aggravation that could be imagined. Previous to this dreadful sentence, he had been deprived of his dignities, his pension, and his emoluments. This blow was quickly followed by another—he was banished the court, and requested to confine himself to his country house. On his way thither he was overtaken by a messenger, accompanied by a party of dragoons, who brought the fatal mandate of banishment to Siberia, and Berezof was the place named for his abode—where, during six months in the year, there is no actual daylight, and the earth is covered with frost and snow. The Princess Menschikoff had always been afflicted with weak eyes, and they were so affected by the cold and her excessive weeping that she lost her sight before half the journey was completed; but death mercifully ended her sufferings, and she was buried on the banks of the Wolga. When he was banished, Menschikoff's confiscated jewels were worth half a million of money, and on his vast estates he were no less than 100,000 serfs; yet in his exile he lived in such great frugality that out of his allowance of thirty-three shillings a day he managed to save enough to erect a church. He also supported the hardships of his situation with great courage. On the accession of the Empress Anne to the throne, she recalled them from their cruel captivity, and Menschikoff's youngest daughter and his son returned to Russia. The Dolgoroukis were then banished, and felt, in their turn, all the horrors they had contributed to inflict on the Menschikoffs—with this aggravation, that the same person who conducted them to Berezof carried with him the recall of Menschikoff and his family! It was the grandson of the above Menschikoff who was in command of Sebastopol when besieged by the allies in 1854; and the duty devolved upon him of sinking the Russian fleet at the entrance of the port.

"HOME COMFORTS."

INSCRIBED TO MARTHA WREN AND JAMES COLLINS.

In the beautiful City of Brotherly Love,
Far out on its northern rim,
Stands a neat little dwelling, a capital place,
Where "Mattie" presides with a fairy-like grace,
And the head of the household is "Jim."

No visitor ever down-hearted or sad
Away from their mansion can go:
"Mirth, Music and Mystery," stories and tricks—
They'll tell you the tale of "A Terrible Fix,"
Or warble their "Beautiful Snow."

Melodious notes from the queen of the house
Re-echo from cellar to dome;
Around the tea-table, "as neat as a pin,"
Is the "family circle" (no charge to go in),
Enjoying "the comforts of home."

May the voice of the "Wren" sound as mellow and sweet
In the future, unburdened by tears!
May you prosper, old friends, in the battle of life,
And conquer the troubles and woes that are rife
In the vista of on-coming years!

E. E. KIDDER.

JOE: A REMINISCENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GEO. W. VANDERVORT.

"Old faces—how I long to see
Their kindly looks again!"

Yes; we all knew and loved Joe. None could help being fond of one so good-natured, so affable to everybody, so mischievous. He was a handsome fellow, with merry, twinkling eyes; and *such* a flirt! We used to go to school with Joe—were his chum; but everybody in school was Joe's chum—he associated alike with low and high, was public property. Associations are formed in youth that are never forgotten, that cling around the fibres of the heart when old age has made its beatings irregular and slow, that cluster closely about the memories of the soul as long as it exists.

Joe always dressed well, had plenty of money, spent freely, was bright, witty, keen—never knew his lessons in the class, was continually tormenting the professors, and then would offer such thin excuses in so comical a manner as to set the class in a roar, and even force a smile from the staid old principal, Joseph Oliver Cromwell. Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

"JURY," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get one from the last jury used." The jury returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

MRS. JENKINS complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten didn't set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen turkey." He got a glass of water in his face.

AN EDITOR in Vermont says that the person who can write editorials when "suffering with the headache can kick up his heels over the grave of hope, and snap his defying fingers in the face of time and sorrow.

"WILL YOU have some strawberries?" asked a lady of a guest. "Yes, madam, yes; I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." "Do you? Well, we havn't anything but milk and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of-fact hostess.

IT IS RELATED that an Irishman once visited New Hampshire, and after having inspected the numerous hills and mountain ranges, exclaimed: "Bedad! I never imagined before where they used to get so much land that they had to stack it."

A CERTAIN economical doctor is so penurious that when he goes to make a call in the country he takes a hen in his gig to eat up the oats the horse scatters when eating. The hen knows her business so well that she gets right out and goes to work without being told.

AFTER O'CONNELL had obtained the acquittal of a horse-stealer, the thief, in the ecstasy of his gratitude, cried out: "Och, counseller, I've no way here to thank ye honor but I wish I saw you knocked down in my own parish—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue?"

A VIRGINIAN girl attempted to elope by means of a pulley and rope attached to her window, but the engraft broke, and down came the scene, hooked the young man securely, hoisted him in the air, gave him a long and sound moral lecture, and then left him dangling under the window till morning.

"WHY DON'T you wheel the barrow of coal along more lively, Ned?" asked a coal-dealer of his hired man. "It's not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Aye, master," quoth the man, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

AT A PARTY the other evening, Smith, the funny man, picked from the floor some false hair, and holding it aloft, wickedly asked who had lost it. Instantly the hand of every lady within earshot went to her back hair. It was cruel to throw them off their guard and expose them so; but Smith says it wasn't his fault.

A LATE SHAMEFUL trick was played lately upon a lover at Terre Haute by his rival. The generous wooer had procured a package of gum drops to present to his Angelina dear, but the other man maliciously substituted therefor a paper of white beans. It was not until 9 o'clock in the morning that matters were explained and a reconciliation effected.

AN ACTOR performing the ghost in Hamlet very badly, he was hissed; after bearing it a good while, he put the audience in good humor by stepping forward and saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am exceedingly sorry that my humble efforts to please you are so unsuccessful, but if you are not satisfied I must give up the ghost."

AMONG the replies to an advertisement of a music committe for a candidate for organist, music teacher, etc., a vacancy having occurred by the resignation of the organist in office, was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

THERE is a livery-stable keeper who won't let his horses to anybody without exacting a promise that he will drive slow." One day a youth, who wanted to go to a funeral, applied to the livery man for a horse. "My friend, you can have one if you will agree to drive slow." "Well, see here, I'm going to a funeral, and I'm bound to keep up with the procession if it kills the horse."

A GENTLEMAN FLORIST'S next-door neighbor buried a rat in a flower-pot, leaving the tail protruding from the earth and trained to a stick, and then presented it to him as a rare specimen of cactus. The lover of flowers carefully watched and watered his new acquisition for several days, but at last his wife pulled the thing up by the roots, and he discontinued friendly relations with the joker.

MRS. THAXTER, in her "Reminiscences among the Isles of Shoals," tells of a primitive and unlettered Shoalsman who went to the mainland, and, discovering a frog for the first time, triumphantly asked: "What kind of a d—d bug do you call that?" The story is an old one, and has been told among the fishermen these twenty years, and, best of all, it is true.

MISS KITTY, daughter of Dr. ——, loves her father, and takes an interest in his profession. The other day a lady friend called to see her, and asked her how she was getting along. "Oh, pretty well," answered Kitty, "pretty—well—plenty of colds, some bronchitis, and a little typhus fever; but as father said yesterday, to make things lively, what we want is a little epidemic."

THIS is what a Virginia City newspaper says of one departed:

Aye, tenderly close his eyelids
In the sleep of the tyrant Death.
Composing his cold limbs sadly,
With tears and a baled breath.
The clods may above him harden
With the turf or the chilling snow—
Oh, bury your dog in the garden,
He'll make the cabbages grow.

JOCK DUNN was a thriftless rascal. He ate and drank the hard-won earnings of his poor wife Jeanie. But Jock died. On the day of the funeral a "neebor woman" condoled with Jeanie as follows: "She Providence, in His mercy, has seen fit to tak awa' the heid o' yer hoos, Jeanie, hae?" To which the bereaved wife replied, "Och, hoch, aye! but, thank goodness, Providence in His mercy has tu'en awa' the stamach tae."

"IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

Brightly the golden rays of nature's sun slant their lambent waves on "poor humanity," as, with bucket and spade, the "mudsills" go forth to find bread for their little ones at home. Hourly the manly brow perspires in unison with the "kerching" of yonder pile-driving machine, the monument for "Pullman's palace" to draw its heavy weight of bronze and glitter across the sluggish stream leading to the far-off country the common laborer has never visited, and never will visit. Hours, weeks and months, he toils, that his children may see this lifelong hopes grow up to earnest manhood, to see his doting sons mingle in the world's strife, while he is gradually forced to relinquish the implements of labor and watch the movements of those around him; but it is only a matter of time when this "common laborer" shall finally rest from his life's duties, surrounded by a happy family, in a "palace on the cliff," while his former pretentious neighbor and would-be master sees a red flag floating from the upper window of his palatial residence, and peoples the grounds with eager curiosity. It's after ten o'clock, and the sale is advertised to commence at that hour. So much for a *mechanical* triumph—I'm a "Crispin."

It's only a matter of time when the poor emigrant, hustled from a country to country, and thrown in the "cattle train" that runs to the West "without charge," will own the broad and boundless prairie, and assist in the maintenance of the speculator who traffics in "blood and soil," for the County-house is only two miles off. Score one for the "monopolist"—I'm a "Grogan."

It's only a matter of time when the wilderness will bloom like a New Jersey flower-garden; when paper collars and cuffs will be transformed into a more substantial, although less ornamental appendage; when we shall sell for fifteen cents what we now bushel; when walking reading-rooms will not be displayed in such profusion by the "girl of the period;" when the "hand of Providence" (R. I.) will bless the coming generation; when synagogues will be no longer known as "stay-at-home gardeners" be "case keepers," and mad dogs perambulate the streets unmuzzled; when three of a kind will beat two pair, and succeed in placing one's head in such a shape that the hat he wore yesterday will be out of style, and necessitate the feasibility of adopting the Scotch method of head-dress when "spot blowers" will be students of medical colleges (at the State's expense), and "crimp fakirs" selling *four-barrel* suits of shoddy in the oil country. Increase my salary—I'm a reformed three-card-monte spieler.

It's only a matter of time when managers advertising artists *not* in their employ, and "putting up papes" of cats not in their cages, will be judged "guilty of a misdemeanor" by an enactment of Legislature, and the "village bark-peelers" be licensed to cap "the darn'd thing down." People will recognize *me* by this article. It's so natural that they should. Excuse my absence—I'm invited to a prayer meeting.

It's only a matter of time when "Squirt-gun Bill" and "Tack-hammer Jake" will draw more salary than "Baldy Sours" as a contractor, when "Andy Gafney" will own the "biggest house north," and "suckers" cease to "bite" at "gift-show enterprises;" when retired side-show blowers will wear paste jewelry, and those who "run privileges" will "ante-up" at the end of the season. This, I repeat, is "a matter of time." Then, and not till then, will *I* be left out in the cold at some way-side farm-house, my services no longer in demand, to console myself with an organ accompaniment of "Mother, I've Come Home to Eat." Excuse my weeping—I'm a pianotuner.

"ETIQUETTE FOR SHOWMEN."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLEY HARRISON, HUMORIST.

When you get into a town, commence "blowing up" the one you just left.

Don't talk only when you have a crowd around you, and be sure you talk loud so as to call others.

When you leave a State, tell everyone you see that it's the meanest State in the Union—of course there's no one around that lives in said State; then, too, it "encourages emigration."

When a *gentleman* speaks to you, don't pay any attention to him; but on some professional looker comes along and asks you to take a cigar or drink, lock arms with him and walk up the main street. It helps advertise you.

Let every one know what your receipts were at the last town; don't mind anything about the size of the hall—add a hundred to it—they won't know anything about it.

When you take tickets, snatch them out of their hands—particularly if it's a lady; don't under any consideration thank them—they are *all* fools.

If a person comes for a check, don't have any. What business have they to go out and annoy you?

When you sit down to a table, commence telling what a nice hotel the last one you stopped at was. It *kills* the landlord and raises you in his estimation.

Don't look after anything—just take it for granted it's all right, and go off and enjoy yourself; then, when night comes and something is missing, swear about it—it *helps* the matter; *certainly* it was none of your business to look after it.

When it rains and the sidewalks are poor, expect just as large a crowd as if it were pleasant—ditto in extremely hot weather.

Have ice-water and towels sent to your room at one o'clock A. M., so you can have a chance to talk in the hall about "poor servants." It's withering on the servants.

Sit up two or three hours after the show, and laugh as loud as you can. It helps others to sleep—have your transom open, *sure*.

Come down late to breakfast, and scold about "cold meals"—cooks and servants have nothing to do but wait on you.

Let everyone know *your* line of business, for *you* are the attraction: all the rest of the company are *queer*.

Tell people how much money you have. They won't look at your clothes. Sometimes the wealthiest man wears a seedy coat. You travel for pleasure, of course.

OUR GAMEBAG.

Golden Gleanings, Merry Thoughts, Wise Proverbs, Fun and Sentiment.

EPIGRAM.

Written on receiving the photograph of a young lady who is seldom known to say "No."

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I've received your charming photo.,
Which nothing seems to lack,
With Sarony's well-known auto-
Graph upon the back.
That artist must be clever,
For (you'll submit 'tis true)
He's the only man who ever
Got a *negative* from you!

WILL. H. STOUTENBURGH.

CONUNDRUMS.

How can a manager secure "the coolest theatre in the city?" Engage a (n) ice company.

WHY is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because though first in pity, he is last in help.

WHY is the sun like a good loaf? Because it is light when it rises.

WHY is a musical instrument like the open sea? Because it is often sounded.

WHY are presidents like vagabonds? Because they are associated with vices.

WHY is a lady's hair like a beehive? Because it holds the combs.

WHY is love at first sight like a seal? Because it makes an impression.

BREVITIES.

A MATTER OF CORSE—A coroner's inquest.

A POUGHKEEPSIE clerk loves the very ground a Highland widow walks upon. It is worth $200 an acre.

JOSH BILLINGS says, very truly: "You'd better not know so much, than to know so many things that aint so."

SHAY, bar-tener, give us a biece lemon peel. I don't want 'er ole woman to notice anysing on me, you know.

Don't talk any more about strategy. A man demoralized a caucus the other night by dissecting a Limburger cheese.

You might as reasonably expect to find a hole in water after taking your finger out, as to expect to be missed after you are dead.

AN ENGLISHMAN who is visiting in Danbury, Ct., says he has but a poor idea of a country that has to get its weather from the government.

A LADY recently asked at the British Museum if they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

"JURY," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get one from the last jury used." The jury returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

MRS. JENKINS complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten didn't set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen turkey." He got a glass of water in his face.

AN EDITOR in Vermont says that the person who can write editorials when "suffering with the headache can kick up his heels over the grave of hope, and snap his defying fingers in the face of time and sorrow.

"WILL YOU have some strawberries?" asked a lady of a guest. "Yes, madam, yes; I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." "Do you? Well, we havn't anything but milk and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of-fact hostess.

IT IS RELATED that an Irishman once visited New Hampshire, and after having inspected the numerous hills and mountain ranges, exclaimed: "Bedad! I never imagined before where they used to get so much land that they had to stack it."

A CERTAIN economical doctor is so penurious that when he goes to make a call in the country he takes a hen in his gig to eat up the oats the horse scatters when eating. The hen knows her business so well that she gets right out and goes to work without being told.

AFTER O'CONNELL had obtained the acquittal of a horse-stealer, the thief, in the ecstasy of his gratitude, cried out: "Och, counseller, I've no way here to thank ye honor but I wish I saw you knocked down in my own parish—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue?"

A VIRGINIAN girl attempted to elope by means of a pulley and rope attached to her window, but the engraft broke, and down came the scene, hooked the young man securely, hoisted him in the air, gave him a long and sound moral lec

wound, and, as Maxwell comes in with his followers, implores justice from her Majesty against Maxwell, who attempted to assassinate him, and left his dagger (produced) in the wound. No damning proof having been found against the Queen, Darnley deserts his accomplice, orders fetters, etc., for Maxwell, who is led away, gesticulating to Darnley, "She will yet avenge me with you." Left alone, the Queen asks what reward she can bestow on the dying Ataraban. "Make me a Prince, and inform my friends in Gascony of the fact," was the reply. He is at once made Prince, and, raising himself up, he assures her Majesty "a Gascon never dies—above all when he is a Prince."

"BLACKBIRDING,"

a new blood-and-thunder drama from the pen of Mr. Hazlewood, was presented at the Britannia, London, Eng., Sept. 8. It is founded, the author tells us, upon the late incidents reported in the South Sea Islands, where the inoffensive natives were cajoled on board ship and then carried off into slavery. But the scene here is associated with the filibustering expedition of General Walker. Miguel Lananto, with his Lieutenant, or whatever he may be, Lopez, enticed a number of blacks on board a vessel sailing under the English flag, but no sooner has the ship left the land than the black flag is hoisted instead, and the poor savages are told they are slaves. But Jonquil, a black seaman, determines at all hazards to give them a chance of freedom, and fires the powder-magazine. The scheme fails, and the captives are put in irons. Then we have a series of exciting incidents in Nicaragua. A young lady, Emmeline, traveling with her supposed father, Colonel Sartali, is taken prisoner by the band, and would have met with rough usage but for Lionel, a young officer in the service of General Walker, who plans her escape, and, of course, falls in love with her. They are, however, again caught, and the Colonel is supposed to be killed, while the General and Captain Miguel play at dice to decide what Lionel's fate shall be. The Captain wins, and Lionel is to be hung; but Lopez, having received some kindness from Lionel, promises to shoot him instead, if he will give a signal. Lionel contrives to make his foe Miguel give the signal. He is shot, but not killed; while, taking advantage of the incident, Lionel escapes. They are, however, pounced down upon once more by Miguel, and Emmeline seems in great danger, when the arrival of a strong force checkmates the designs of the slave-dealer, who, in attempting to make his escape, is shot, and the lovers are made happy.

"LA PATTE A COCO,"

a fairy spectacle in three acts and twenty tableaux, by MM. Clairville and Marot, was lately introduced to the Parisian public at the Chateau d'Eau. Coco is a sorcerer, who has transterred all his magical powers into the heart of an infant which he picked up in the street. It is only necessary to place the hand on the child's heart and to wish, to have that wish realized. Somehow or other the child in growing up displaces the centre of its magic power, which descends and lodges in that part of the body where philosophers state the seat of honor is lodged. *Vous comprenez?* Cascarinet is the name of Coco's protege, and he thus becomes a tam-tam, where everyone can bestow a kick. Cascarinet engages himself as valet to a prince. The latter does not know that by applying his boot to a certain part of his servant's body and expressing a wish, that wish becomes at once realized. He in time learns the fact, and has so many times to accomplish that Cascarinet conceals himself in order to avoid being kicked to death. He quits his master's employment and endeavors to administer kicks to himself, but he cannot succeed. He invites people in confidence to give him a friendly kick, but they only the more practice jokes on him. At last the Parisian announces in the market square the peculiar virtues that Cascarinet possesses; the inhabitants rush to get within bootrange of him; he flies for his life, and, encountering the King taking a quiet walk, he throws his hat and cloak over his Majesty, the crowd arrives, and fall to vigorously kicking the monarch—the more forcibly as their wishes are not realised. The hunt then recommences, and terminates only with the twentieth tableau.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

By the kindness of Mr. Bartlett, I have had the good fortune to be present on the occasion when the little hippopotamus, Guy Fawkes—who is now eight months old—was introduced to his disagreeable old father, Obesh, a resident in the gardens for twenty-three years. Obesh was quietly munching his breakfast of grass in the outside den, when at a given signal the portcullis of the mother's den was gradually raised, and the two heads appeared gazing out with a most comical expression. Seeing his wife, the old man left off munching his grass, grinned a ghastly grin, and he loudly trumpeted, "Umph," "Umph," "Umph."

Little Guy Fawkes then came forward from behind his mother, with the action and stiffness of a pointer when he has discovered a covey of birds: gradually and slowly he went up to his father, and their outstretched noses were just touching, when the old woman sounded the signal for war, and, rushing past the young one, fairly challenged her lord and master to single combat. He instantly retreated a step or two, and his wife began to pretend to munch at the grass, keeping her eye always fixed spitefully upon him. Just at this moment the sun shone out, and I was enabled to see most distinctly the remarkable phenomenon of the "blood-sweat" of these gigantic animals when excited.

The usual pale chocolate color of the skin of the husband and wife became densely covered with spots that looked like thin red gum, and when the male turned his head I could see that these spots were globular: they glistened like dew on a cabbage, and stood high upon the skin like blood-stained diamonds. I managed subsequently to wipe off one of these globules, and it stained my note-book quite red. After gazing at each other for about a minute, old Dil—for that is the female's name—made a savage rush at her husband, and simultaneously both animals reared right up on their hind legs, like bulldogs fighting. They gaped wide their gigantic mouths, and bit, and struck, and thumped at each other savagely, while the grass fell out of their great coal-scuttle mouths on to the battle field. The crash of their tusks coming together was truly Homeric, and reminded me of the rattle and smashing of clashonly exaggerated, when the Windsor-park red deer charge and fight with their horns. For a second or two these two gigantic animals closed together and swayed to and fro like Cornish wrestlers. This scene of the Hippopotami fighting was grand in the extreme, and would form a good subject for an Oxford prize poem or the pencil of Landseer. When they settled on their four legs again the old woman followed up her advantage by giving her husband a tremendous push, "well hit," with her head; and while the cowardly old fellow sneaked backwards into his pond, his wife trumpeted a triumphant signal of victory from the bank. All this time little Guy kept well in the rear of his mother, occasionally peeping round her sides to see the rare and extraordinary phenomenon of a husband and wife having a row. Dil then slowly, and in a Shah-like manner, walked down the steps into the water, and hunted the old man about until she drove him up into a corner; she then mounted sentry over him. The young one then mounted on to his mother's back, and gazed with filial repsect, not unmingled with impudence, at his father. At the least movement on his governor's side he sank down into the water as quiet as an otter, without making the slightest ripple or sending up a bubble of air, and shortly reappeared with his pretty little head, erect ears, and bright eyes, and looking like a gigantic frog. During his subaqueous excursion the little rascal had probably gone up to and touched his father, for the old fellow gave a sudden plunge and jump as if he had been touched up from underneath by something alive. Thus the three remained for about half an hour, grunting and staring at each other. Obesh made one attempt to get out of his corner and to reach his den, but his awful old "missis" was too quick for him, cut off his retreat, and drove him back. The little one, I observed, always kept the far side of his mother, in case his father should turn rusty again. In about three-quarters of an hour the row was all over, and instead of angry trumpetings the signals gradually assumed a more amicable tone, and it was evident that the two Behemoths were getting into good temper. At last the female swam nearer to her husband, and distending her great nostrils to the utmost, uttered a kind of hiss, not the least like a war cry. When the keeper heard this he said: "They are all right now, sir; they'll not fight any more. See, the old man's beginning to smile, and he has uncocked his ears and left off staring." The faithful keeper was quite right, for all three hippos at once became friends, and the domestic row was over.

I understand that on the previous day, when these three beauties were first put together, little Guy Fawkes immediately went up to his governor, and cheeked him in the most insolent manner; he bristled up, grunted at him, showed his teeth, and actually challenged his father to fight. The mother then charged the old father, scratched his face, and pushed him right bang all of a lump into the water. The little one followed up directly, swam under his father's legs, and actually bit and pulled the paternal tail. On the second occasion the youngster behaved very differently; it was quite evident that somehow or other his mother had cautioned him and given him orders to keep in the rear while she fought her old man. On this occasion Obesh was terribly alarmed, although his wife frightened more than hurt him. She so alarmed him that a new discovery was made by Mr. Bartlett. After the row was over, the cowardly old Obesh changed color. His mulatto-colored skin got gradually whiter and whiter, and the lower part of his head and sides became of a creamy-white tint, and the poor old fellow looked "as white as a ghost." It was some hours before he came to his proper color again. When his wife gave him a hiding on the second day, Obesh again turned somewhat white, making his blood spots stand out with unusual clearness. Now that this family scrimmage is over, we trust that for the future they will enjoy domestic felicity.—*English Exchange.*

A SUBLIME CEREMONY.

The Miserere at St. Peter's.

There is one grand and sublime ceremony, the Miserere of St. Peter's. The music is exquisite, the effect surprising. Rome saw, in the sixteenth century, that Protestantism surpassed her in music, as she excelled Protestantism in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. To prevent this inferiority she naturally sought a master of song, and found the sublime Palestrina, the Michael Angelo of the lyre. The Pope forbade the reproduction of his Miserere, in order that it should be heard only in that church whose gigantic arches were completely in harmony with its sublimity. One day a noble youth heard, entranced, the Miserere. This youth, who may be called the Raphael of music, learned it by heart, and divulged it to the world. He was Mozart. The German genius came to steal the secrets of the Latin genius in the eternal war between both races. No pen can describe the solemnity of the Miserere! The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. Her altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the *tenebrario* is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleam of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the Miserere is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now it comes like the far-off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs: again, like a lamentation from the depths of the earth, or a moaning of heaven's angels breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchres and losing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating heaven from her load of ashes, as if under her sackcloth she writhed in her death agony. To weep thus, to lament as the prophets of old by the banks of the Euphrates, or among the scattered stones of the Temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not marred her eternal beauty. Thus she is enslaved. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majestic and unequaled. Rome, Rome! thou art grand, thou art immortal even in thy desperation and thy abandonment! The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquests that made thy greatness have departed! None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will forever preserve.—*Emilio Castelar.*

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

I RETURN YOU ALL YOUR LETTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CORINNE.

I return you all your letters—
Oft I've read them o'er and o'er—
Now I've burst love's golden fetters,
And they're dear to me no more.
Once I thought each word the token
Of a love both deep and true,
But the mystic charm is broken,
So I send them back to you.

As copies they may serve you well,
Should you chance to be in haste,
And wish a woful tale to tell
Of young affections run to waste.
Perhaps another trusting maiden
May these written vows believe,
Thinking lines with love-words laden
Are "too earnest to deceive."

Perhaps, like mine, 'twill be *her* fate
All your falsehoods base to learn,
And, like myself, ere yet too late,
She'll your worthless vows return.

BABY FARMING IN NEW YORK.

From recent developments it seems that that exotic institution, "baby farming," has taken deep root, and is flourishing in the metropolis. For many years past it has been an industry of considerable extent in England, where, from all accounts, it originated. A reporter, who has gathered some very interesting particulars about the profession from the open mouths of its votaries, who unsuspectingly talked to him upon his representing himself as very anxious to procure their good offices, writes as follows: "Most of the 'baby farmers' of New York are women whose consciences are as hard as marble, if they have any, and who take immense risks for immense profits. Their vocations and aliases are multifarious, and they find a profitable field of operation by practicing astrology. The manner in which these institutions or farms are filled is in this way: They keep rooms for women during the period of their confinement, and, most of these women being unfortunates, they leave the babies behind them, with just enough money to starve them on, quieting their gnawing consciences with the assurance that the children don't thrive it's not their fault, as they have left money to provide for them. These children are then advertised for adoption, and, in many instances, they get homes among the wealthy. The truth of 'A Terrible Temptation' is often demonstrated through the instrumentality of these farms, and the confessions practiced would afford data for half a dozen novels. Many a proud little village on Long and Staten Islands would blush with mortification if it knew that it had a 'baby farm' within its limits. The statistics regarding these institutions, imperfect as they are, show that nearly ninety-five per cent of the foundlings die while vainly seeking to draw nourishment from dirty, sour bottles, through a rubber tube impregnated with white lead and sulphur. It is not a rash conclusion to suppose that the five per cent. saved are those adopted or purchased by well-to-do people.

The public have been informed of a case which was brought to court on Sept. 23 at Yorkville. From the affidavits in the case, which were filed by Mrs. Ellen Jarvis, Mrs. Fanny Pfifer, and A. J. Selby West, it appears that a Mrs. Roberts, who resides at No. 212 East Thirty-eighth street, had killed or caused the death of about twenty children since last January. They also implicate a Mr. Boylston, undertaker, with complicity in the crimes, by saying that he took some of the bodies and left them in his back yard until the stench became intolerable. Boylston said he had buried nine children from the house, and had certificates of death from the Health Office for the bodies, and permits for burial; that Dr. Smith has furnished certificates of death for seven, Dr. Chambers for two, and Dr. Cypert for two. He stated that the children came from the institution on the corner of Fifty-first street and Lexington avenue. The reporter went to the institution in question and asked regarding Mrs. Roberts; the matron and doctor in charge said they had never given any children to the woman, and that she had come to them and asked for children, and they told her they never gave children out, but if she left her address they might send her someone who had a child to farm. Mrs. Roberts is a matronly-looking women of about forty-five years of age, with black hair and bright eyes, and told her story in a straightforward way. She looks too good-natured to sit on babies for spite, and too intelligent to do it for amusement.

SEDUCTION AND BREACH OF PROMISE.

At the Sheriff Court, Preston, yesterday, the Under Sheriff and a jury sat to assess damages in a case of breach of promise and seduction of as heartless a character as one could possibly imagine. The plaintiff, Sarah Cragg, rather good-looking, is the daughter of a large farmer at Hutton, near Kendal, and the defendant, John S. Clarke, is the son of a farmer at Slainbank Green, near the same town. The courtship commenced as long ago as 1860, when the plaintiff was eighteen and the defendant nineteen years of age. The defendant first met the plaintiff at a ball at her uncle's, and soon afterward he began to pay her marked attention. In 1863, while away from home, the plaintiff received the first letter the defendant had ever written to her. It was a very commonplace production, and simply intimated that the defendant could not attend a certain ball that he had promised to go to, but he signed himself "Yours ever, J. Clarke," and at the top of it there were several verses of poetry addressed to "Her I love." The courtship continued without anything worthy of note until 1865. In June of that year a sister of the plaintiff was married, and the defendant was at the ceremony. In the evening of the same day the defendant, under a solemn promise to marry the plaintiff at Martinmas, succeeded in seducing her. She was living at this time at Maldenhill, and when she found she was *enceinte* she returned home. The distress and anxiety of mind which she suffered in consequence of her condition brought on a miscarriage. Instead of the defendant keeping his promise to marry the plaintiff, he continued to excuse himself on one pretext or another until October, 1866. He then told her that the time was his own, and that he would marry her in the Spring of 1867. She believed him, and again improper intimacy took place, and in due course a child was born. The defendant, when appealed to, refused to marry the poor girl, and she was at length compelled to affiliate the child. An order was made on the defendant, and they did not see each other again for over eighteen months or more. In 1872 they met at Kendal, at the market, and the defendant urged the plaintiff to allow him to renew his acquaintance with her, as he would come into possession of the farm in the Spring of 1873, and was desirous of marrying her. He said she had been brought up all her life to farming pursuits, and he thought she was likely to make him a good wife. She refused to have anything to do with him at that time, but in April of the same year, when they saw each other again, he renewed his protestations, and she consented to his again writing her. He told her that he had £1,000 independently of his mother (his father being dead at this time, as also was the father of the plaintiff), and that he had sufficient for them both. It was then arranged that the marriage should take place in the Spring of 1873. In May, 1872, they were together at a circus in Kendall, and on returning to the home of the plaintiff they found the family gone to bed. Illicit intercourse again followed, and another child was born. Arrangements had been made for the marriage of the parties some months before this event, but the wedding never took place, and a week or two after an affiliation summons had been served on the defendant he married another woman. The jury awarded the plaintiff £350.—*Liverpool* (Eng.) *Mercury*, Sept. 9.

INFIDELITY LEADS TO MURDER.

Yesterday afternoon, at a quarter after three o'clock, a number of citizens in the neighborhood of the Central Railroad depot were startled by the loud report of a gun, evidently but a short distance off. A general rush was made for the spot where the report was supposed to have come from, and reaching the entrance to what is known as Railroad street, a short street running from West Broad street along down by the Central Railroad passenger shed, the cause of the firing was soon discovered. There lay a negro man on the pavement, near the second or third gate to the shed, shot dead, a large pool of warm blood surrounding his head and still oozing from the wounds. It was soon ascertained that the dead negro's name was Stephney Williams, and that he had been shot by another negro named Cyrus L. Brown. It appears that Williams had been for some length of time having criminal intercourse with the wife of Cyrus Brown, who had suspected the parties from the conduct of both Williams and his (Brown's) wife. He accordingly put himself in position to satisfy his mind upon the subject, and ascertain whether his suspicions were correct and well founded. With the aid of a friend he watched them closely, and on Monday night he discovered that his suspicions were correct. His wife and Williams were seen together in a patch of woods back of Arkwright's factory. Returning to his house, he armed himself with a knife and stick, and calling on Williams after his return home, he informed him of his discovery, and notified him that he would give him until the next (yesterday) morning to leave the city, and that he should also carry the woman away with him; that if he did not comply with his demand he would kill him on sight. Williams, as the fatal result shows, did not pay any attention to the threat, or at least failed to comply with the demands of Brown, who, as soon as he became aware of the fact, armed himself with a musket, which he loaded with a heavy charge of buckshot, and went in search of Williams. He found him on his dray, near the corner of West Broad and Railroad streets. When Williams saw Brown coming towards him with a gun, he attempted to get out of his way, but he was already upon him, and, leveling the gun at his head, he fired when he was within about twenty paces of him, three or four of the buckshot entering the forehead and face of Williams, who fell dead at the report. The coroner's jury found a verdict in accordance with the facts above mentioned.—*Savannah* (Ga.) *Advertiser*, Sept. 24.

POOR POLL.—A parrot belonging to a country clergyman was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear that he might join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and for some time he maintained a decorous silence; but at length, instead of "Amen!" out he came with "Cheer, boys, cheer!" On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself and had better apologize, called out, "Sorry I spoke!"

A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.—Young Wife: "Joined the Junior Pantheon?" O Alfred, you said when we were married you'd never care to belong to another club!" Alfred: "Yes, my darling; but I thought it would be so nice for you, the next Thanksgiving Day, to have a good window and first-rate lunch!"

A SCOTCH BOY interrogated his mother as follows: "Mither, will we hae tae our breakfast the morn?" "Aye, laddie, if we're spared." "And if we're no spared mither, will we caly hae parritch?"

THE TURF.

PROSPECT PARK FALL TROTTING MEETING.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, SEPT. 23.

HOPEFUL WINS THE 3MIN. PURSE, AND LULU THE 2:24 PURSE.

The Fall Meeting of the Prospect Park Association commenced on Tuesday, Sept. 23. The weather was threatening, and the attendance not large. The first race was for horses that had never beaten three minutes, for a purse of $1,000. Of the thirteen horses entered, all started except Versailles and Little Joe. Everett Ray, who had trotted so promisingly at Fleetwood Park the week before, was made the favorite at odds against the entire field; but his backers came to grief, for Hopeful beat him by a head in the first heat in 2:30, and at once became the favorite at $100 to $60. He won the second heat by three lengths in the fast time (for a three-minute purse) of 2:28, and the third heat and race easily by two lengths in 2:30¾. Summary:

PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, near Brooklyn, N. Y.—First Day of the Annual Fall Trotting Meeting, Sept. 23, 1873.—Purse No. 1.—$1,000, for horses that had never beaten three minutes when entered; $500 to the first, $250 to the second, $150 to the third, and $100 to the fourth. Mile heats, three in five, in harness. Closed with thirteen entries.

W. Barnard's g g Hopeful.....Jarvis	1	1	1
J. Murphy's b g Everett Ray.....	2	2	2
B. Mace's b m Nettie Walton.....	7	3	3
P. Manee's a g f Guess So.....H. Howe	3	7	5
A. Patterson's b g Frank Klock.....	5	4	7
T. S. Carpenter's ch m Lizzie Keeler.....	6	5	4
J. S. Baker's b m Guilnare.....	4	6	6
J. Splan's br g Cheston.....	8	dis	
A. J. Feek's ch g Tyrone.....	9	dis	
J. Chandler's b g Trustee.....	dis		
George Wright's br g Phil. O'Neal, Jr.....	dis		

Time, 2:30; 2:28; 2:30¾.

For the second race, the 2:24 purse, five horses out of the six entered came to the post; the knowing ones making Crown Prince the favorite, and he sold for $125; Susie, $65; Thomas Jefferson, $40; Lulu, $25; and Ben Flagler, $20. Lulu won the first heat easily in 2:25, and immediately became the favorite. She was beaten however, by Crown Prince in the second heat in 2:25½; she finishing last, and the Prince became first choice in the pools. Luhi turned the tables on him in the third heat, which she won by two lengths in 2:24¾. The knowing ones were now at sea, and hardly knew which to invest their money on; consequently there was little betting. In the fourth heat Lulu took and held the lead for three-quarters of a mile, when she broke, and Susie headed her, but on entering the homestretch Charles Green brought up Lulu in magnificent style, and won the heat and race by half a length in 2:25. Summary:

SAME DAY.—Second Race.—Purse No. 2.—$2,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:24 at the time of entry; $1,000 to the first, $500 to the second, $300 to the third, $200 to the fourth. Mile heats, three in five, in harness; closed with the following entries.

J. Harker's b m Lulu.....C. S. Green	1	5	1
G. N. Ferguson's w g Crown Prince.....Owner	3	1	2
T. S. Carpenter's a m Susie.....	2	2	5
N. B. Smith's blk h Thomas Jefferson.....			
Budd Doble	5	3	4
J. J. Bowen's gr g Ben Flagler.....	4	4	3
P. Manee's br g Lulu.....dr			

Time, 2:25; 2:25¼; 2:24½; 2:25.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 25.

WINTHROP MORRILL, JR., WINS THE 2:31 PURSE, AND YOUNG BRUNO THE 2:27 PURSE.

There was a decrease in the attendance on the second day, but far from as large a concourse of spectators as used to witness a good day's trotting on the old Union and Fashion Courses before National Associations were heard of. The track was in excellent order, and good time was made. The first race was for a purse of $1,500 for horses that had never beaten 2:31. Eight horses entered; but, three being withdrawn, five were left to contend for the purse. At first Sir Knight was made the favorite; but before the start the parties connected with Winthrop Morrill, Jr., showed their hands, and were so eager to invest their money on him in the pools that he quickly took Sir Knight's place and was made the favorite over the entire field. His backers were justified in their confidence, for he won the race in three straight heats in 2:30; 2:32; 2:28¾. Sir Knight, although a very fast horse, proved himself a regular "quitter" when pressed, for in the third heat he led the field until within fifty yards of the stand, when he shut up the moment Winthrop Morrill collared him, just as he had done at Fleetwood Park. Summary:

SECOND DAY, Thursday, Sept. 25, 1873.—Judges, Messrs. Layton, Payson and Burt. Purse No. 3, $1,250, for horses that had never beaten 2:31 at the time of entry; mile heats, three in five, in harness; $600 to the first, $300 to the second, $200 to the third, and $150 to the fourth; entrance 10 per cent. of the purse; closed with eight entries.

Mr. Carroll's blk h Winthrop Morrill, Jr.....	1	1	1
J. W. Prendergast's ch m Lady Emma.....	3	2	3
Owner's br m Rose Standish.....G. W. Jarvis	2	3	5
Dr. Sherwood's br g Sir Knight.....H. Howe	4	4	2
J. L. Doty's blk h Rowe's Tommy.....	5	5	4
M. Roden's b g Penobscot.....	dr		
A. J. Feek's b g Clothes Pin.....	dr		
C. S. Green's gr m Fleety Golddust.....	dr		

Time, 2:30; 2:32; 2:28¾.

The second trot was for a purse of $1,750, for horses that had never beaten 2:27 at the time of entry. Eight entered, but Belle Brandon was withdrawn. Joker was a hot favorite over the field, but Young Bruno was admirably driven, and won the first heat in 2:28, the second in 2:25, and the third heat and race in 2:26, Tom Keeler, who was second in the first and third heats, taking second money. Lady Byron and Tammany were both distanced in the first heat. Summary:

SAME DAY.—Purse No. 4, $1,750 for horses that had never beaten 2:27 at the time of entry. Mile heats, three in five, in harness; $850 to the first, $400 to the second, $300 to the third, and $200 to the fourth; entrance 10 per cent. of the purse; closed with eight entries.

J. Harker's br g Young Bruno.....C. S. Green	1	1	1
J. S. Barker's b g Tom Keeler.....	2	4	2
J. Dougrey's br g Joker.....	3	2	4
H. Phillips' b g Eli White.....	4	3	3
J. Murphy's ch m Grace Bertram.....	5	5	5
H. Casey's blk m Lady Byron.....J. McKee	dis		
Dan Mace's gr g Tammany.....	dis		
J. A. McKee's b m Bella Brandon.....	dr		

Time, 2:28; 2:25; 2:26.

A MATCH FOR $500 between James Page's brown mare Lily and C. Carroll's brown mare Nellie Condor attracted a large number of gentlemen to Prospect Park Course, L. I., on Sept. 26. It proved a most unsatisfactory contest, for after Lily had won the first two heats, and the word "go" had been given by the starting judge for the third, some person in the judges' stand rang the bell, and, through such misapprehension, Nellie Condor's driver pulled up, and Lily's driver, going ahead, won the heat and race. Summary:

PROSPECT PARK COURSE, BROOKLYN, Sept. 26, 1873.—Match $500; mile heats, three in five, in harness.

James Page's br m Lilly.....	1	1	1
J. V. Carroll's br m Nellie Condor.....	2	2dis	

Time, 2:46; 2:46½; no time.

OCCIDENT'S FAST TIME.

A correspondent, writing from Sacramento, Cal., under date of Sept. 17, gives the following particulars of the great performance by Occident, in his race against Father Time for the piece of plate offered by the State Agricultural Society to the horse beating Goldsmith Maid's best time in California, 2:17½; "Long before the hour announced the grand and main stands, the quarter-stretch, and every available resting-place near the score were completely filled. The bell rang to bring out our pet, and on his appearance, driven by George W. Tennent, he was greeted with applause nearly an hour long. Six gentlemen (among whom were Governor Bradley of Nevada, Dr. Brewster of Sacramento and M. D. Boruck of San Francisco) were chosen to act as timers. Besides these gentlemen, the representatives of the press in the judges' stand, and at least 1,000 outsiders, held stop chronometers ready to mark the time. Pools sold briskly in favor of Father Time, and as high as $1,000 to $100—James Eoff, who drove the horse in his trot against the Maid last year, betting that 2:18 would not be beaten, if 2:19 were reached. Only a few, who had witnessed his performance in private, were willing to risk money on the horse. After three trials the gelding got down to his work, starting off at a fine 2:27 gait. He had for a runner that old-time nag 'Brown Dick.' On he sped, increasing his pace visibly until the quarter-post was reached, when the watches showed 0:36½, or that he was speeding along at a 2:26 gait. Now he increases his strides, no skips nor breaks, but trotting nicely and easily. 'I'll bet $10,000 he beats 2:17,' said his owner, but could find no takers, when it was discovered that the time the half mile was made in was 1:10. This was something like it, for the time showed a 2:20 gait. The turn was passed, and on now, for nearly three-eighths of a mile, did the noble young horse have to strain to prove to the world that he was the 'Emperor of the turf.' The little horse now increased his already marvelous speed, and seemed to fly along the ground, so rapid were his steps. He passed the three-quarter pole, and now on his last quarter. On, on, he comes, nearer, nearer; he will beat it; he has reached the score and passes it, every timer stopping his watch. Before the judges announce the time made, up goes a shout loud and long. Again and again it is repeated. 'He has beaten Time; he has made 2:16½;' shout all in the grand stand. Even sceptical Jim Eoff shouts with the rest. '2:16½.' The judges, however, say 2:16¾, and at that it remains. This was glory enough for one day. Goldsmith Maid's time was equaled, Dexter's beaten, 'I would not take $200,000 for Occident,' said the Governor, 'although Bonner might keep his word and offer me $100,000. Some future day I will show that Occident can beat 2:16.' When it is remembered that the last half mile was made in the unprecedented fast time of 1:06¾, there is no reason to doubt the assertion. The plate, which represents a trotter attached to a sulky, was presented by Governor Stanford to the Association, to be given to the horse beating Occident's time."

TROTTING AT DEERFOOT PARK.

This Long Island track was the scene of four trots on Sept. 24, summaries of which we subjoin:

DEERFOOT PARK, near Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 24, 1873.—Sweepstakes $300; mile heats, three in five, in harness, to wagons.

J. H. Phillips' r g Fred. Tyler.....	2	2	1
J. Splan's b m Lady Annie.....	1	1	2
Time, 2:45; 2:45; 2:45; 2:44; 2:45.			

SAME DAY.—Match, $200; mile heats, three in five.

H. W. Howe's blk g Captain Jenks, in harness..	1	1	2
W. Thom's b g Colonel, to wagon.....	2	2	1
Time, 2:51; 2:52; 2:56; 2:56.			

* Colonel came in first, but was disqualified by the judges for running.

SAME DAY.—Match $200; mile heats, three in five.

M. Maloney's gr m Dolly, to wagon.....	2	1	1
J. Gray's b g Ginger, in harness.....	1	2	2
Time, 3:26; 3:23; 3:18; 3:17.			

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes $150; mile heats, three in five, in harness; catch-weights.

M. Rogers' b g Abe.....	1	2	1
J. V. Carroll's b g Billy.....	2	1	2
Time, 3:04; 2:57; 3:36; 2:59.			

Three trots came off on this track on Friday, Sept. 26, summaries of which are appended:

DEERFOOT DRIVING PARK, near Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 26, 1873.—Sweepstakes of $200; mile heats, best three in five, in harness; catch weights. Judges, Messrs. Keenan, McLoughlin and Wilson.

Phil. Duffy's s m Nelly.....	1	1	2
Mike Rogers' b g Abe.....	2	2	1
William McMahon's gr m Flora.....	3	3	3
C. Welling's r g Fuller.....	dr		
Time, 2:56; 3:01¾; 2:55½; 2:53½.			

SAME DAY.—Match of $200; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

William Thom's b g Colonel.....	1	1	2
Dr. Heard's blk g Summit.....	2	2	1
Time, 2:53; 2:52½; 2:49; 2:57½.			

SAME DAY.—Match of $100; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Israel Denson's w g Charley.....	2	1	1
J. H. Phillips' b g Epizootic.....	1	2	2
Time, 2:56; 2:47½; 2:50; 2:51¾.			

FLEETWOOD PARK FALL TROTTING MEETING.

THIRD DAY, MONDAY, SEPT. 22.

JUDGE FULLERTON WINS THE 2:21 PURSE, AND FLEETY GOLDDUST THE 2:31 PURSE.

The third and last day of the Fleetwood Park Fall trotting meeting, postponed from Saturday, Sept. 20, on account of the heavy rains of the previous day, was held on Monday, the 22d. The largest attendance of the meeting was present, there being a general desire to see Judge Fullerton and his previous victor, Sensation, measure strides together again. The first race was for horses that had never beaten 2:31. George Miller was the favorite, bringing in pools $100; Winthrop Morrell, Jr., $300; Fanny, $60; and Heatherbloom, Daniel Boone, Fleety Golddust and Vulcan, as a field, $50. The race was a very "flashy" affair, for both the favorites, George Miller and Morrell, were distanced in the first heat in 2:31; Fleety Golddust, who sold in the field, winning in three straight heats, Fanny taking second, and Heatherbloom third money. Summary:

THIRD DAY.—Fleetwood Park, Sept. 22, 1873.—Purse $1,200, for horses that never trotted better than 2:31; $600 to first, $400 to second, $200 to third; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

C. S. Green's g m Fleety Golddust.....	1	1	1
D. Bigley's ch m Fanny.....	3	2	2
D. Mace's g m Heatherbloom.....	2	3	3
D. Pfifer's br a Daniel Boone.....	4	4	4
J. L. Doty's b g George Miller.....	dis		
M. Carroll's blk s Winthrop Morrell, Jr.....	dis		
Jno. Lovett's b g Vulcan.....	dis		

Time, 2:31; 2:34¾; 2:31¼.

The next race was the event of the day, being for a purse of $2,500 for 2:21 horses. Gazelle, W. H. Allen and Lady Banker were withdrawn, leaving Judge Fullerton and Sensation to contest the race. The betting was $100 to $20 on Judge Fullerton, who won without a struggle in three straight heats. After the race, a sweeping challenge was offered to match the winner to trot any horse in the world for $5,000 over Fleetwood Park. Summary:

SAME DAY.—Purse $2,500, for 2:21 class; $1,250 to first, $800 to second, $450 to third; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

D. Mace's ch g Judge Fullerton.....	1	1	1
B. Mace's b g Sensation.....	2	2	2
J. Lovett's b m Gazelle.....	dr		
P. Manee's b s W. H. Allen.....	dr		
Geo. N. Ferguson's b m Lady Banker.....	dr		

Time, 2:27¼; 2:25; 2:25¾.

RACING IN ENGLAND.

The cable furnishes us with the appended summaries of races which took place on the opening day of the Newmarket, Eng., October Meeting:

NEWMARKET, ENG., Sept. 23, 1873.—Great Eastern Handicap, a sweepstakes of 15 sovereigns each, 5 forfeit, with 100 added by the Great Eastern Railway Company, for three-year-olds and upwards, the owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovereigns out of the stakes; closed with ninety-five subscribers. Dash one mile and three-quarters.

F. Douglas' br f Day Dream, 4 yrs old, by Crown Prince, dam Miss Hercules, by Sir Hercules.....	1		
B. Ellam's — Sister to Eltham, 3 yrs old, by Marsyas, dam Butterdy, by Knight of the Whistle.....	2		
Prince Batthyany's b c Delay, 4 yrs old, by Loiterer, dam Orlanda, by Orlando.....	3		

SAME DAY.—Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovereigns each, for three-year-olds; colts to carry 122lb and fillies 115lb, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, or St. Leger to carry 7lb extra; maidens allowed 3lb; the second horse to save his stake; closed with fourteen subscribers. Dash one mile two furlongs and seventy-three yards.

M. Lefevre's ch c Flageolet, by Plutus, dam La Favorite (brother to Fraicheur, 122lb.....	1		
Lord Falmouth's ch c Andred, by Blair Athol, dam Woodcraft, by Voltigeur, 122lb.....	2		
Mr. Bruton's ch c Bonham, by Macaroni, dam Kezinella, 122lb.....	3		

SEPT. 26.—Newmarket October Handicap, a sweepstakes of 15 sovereigns each, 5 forfeit, with 100 added by the Jockey Club, the second to receive 25 out of the stakes; closed with ninety-six subsc

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Burt, Mrs. Sophie
Burton, Clara
Butler, Clara
Baker, Mrs. Mary F.
Belle, Flora
Booth, Jose 3c.
Bursha, Blanche
Birch, Hannah
Berrie, Therese
Boshell, Louisa
Bland, Edith
Clifton, Viola
Charles, Lottie E.
Chapman, Mrs. Julia E.
Cooper, Kate
Clair, Minnie
Christie, Frank
Cerito, Mlle. (2)
Cecifi, Mlle.
Cushman, Corrine (2)
DeTong, Minna 13c.
Davis, Mrs. E. D. (3)
Duane, Fanny
Davies, E. (2)
De Forrest, Miss Mae
Deshon, Sabra
Damainville, M'rie
Elma, Sophie
Eccles, Mary S.
Fisher, Kate
Ferris, Mrs. John
Francis, Lou
Forrest, Hattie
Fiske, May
Farand, Miss V.
Graham, Nellie
Hayes, Annie J. (2)

Howard, Adah
Howard, Victoria (vocalist)
Hastings, Hattie
Jackson, Katie
Jester, Mrs. Bessie W. 3c.
King, Clara
Le Clair, Lillian (8) 6c.
Lozier, Minnie
Corbyn
Leonard, Annie
Lucaile, Fannie
Lillian Sisters, (3)
Lawrence Mrs. Amy
Lisle, Minnie "Lotta" (2)
Lee, Miss F. K.
Lavarnie, Carrie
Mayfield, Alice (2)
Meyer, Bonnie (2)
Marsh, Emma
Martelle Mrs. Clara
Mordaunt, Piessy (2)
May, Agnes
Murrell, Jennie
Orrin, Mrs. Lucy A.
Oner, Clara
Phillips, Adelaide
Concert Co.
Raymond, Ella
Robinson, Lozelia E.
Riddell, Lisie
Ravel, Mrs. S. 6c.
Royland, Mrs. G. F.
Richards, Pauline
Stratton, Mrs. C. S.

Stanley, Kitty
Stanwood, Nelly
Selwyn, Blanche
Sefton, Maude
Stanton, Mrs. Hattie A.
Stanley, Viola
Schoti, Angelique
Swift, Sallie 10c.
Stanley, Blanche
Snow, Emma K.
Stanley, Maude
Seamon, Mrs. Chas.
Sweatnam, Mrs. Billy
Sylvester, Louise
Stanley, Alice
Seymour, Millie 10c.
Thatcher, Lizzie
Tyson, Kittie
Vincent, Ida
Vaine, Olive
Vernon, Clara
Weson Sisters
Wood, Aggie 6c.
Wray, Ada
Wyndham, Alice (2) 9c.
Wray, Louisa
Wynne
Walton, Emma
Williams, Clara A. 3c.
Wildmah, Clara
Warner, Mrs. Chas.
Wyndham, Alice
Whitin, Mr.
Wesner, Ella
Wells, Minnie
Webster, Florence

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Abecco, Sig.
Allyne, E. T. J. (wizard)
Adams, J. W.
Archer, Prof. Charles
Adams, Thos.
Ashton, J. B.
Allen, John (4)
Aymar, William T.
Albaugh, A. W.
Anslar, Harry
Atkins, Willie
Atwood, Capt. J. B.
Ainsley, Ned & La Pauline
Boyd, Charles 3c.
Barnhill, John
Bindley, Wm.
Blitz, Francois R. (magician) (2)
Blaisdell, W. B.
Barrett, Lawrence P.
Barron, Henry
Benedict, Lew (2)
Burton, J. Hay
Brehan, Julian
Burgess, Cool
Beresford, Frank
Baily, Fred
Buislay, Gustave
Byers, Wm.
Byron, Lloud
Bernabe, Adolphe
Burke, Wm. E.
Belelock, J.
Barcus, J. C.
Bailey, Harry
Brakeworth, J. H.
Bowles, J.
Blitz, Eugene
Brun, Walter
Benedict, Lewis
Burt, A. S.
Blitz, Francis
Belasco, H.
Berger, Fred G.
Compton, Harry (negro)
Channon, H. (3) 6c.
Clark, Geo. M.
Chandler, A. H.
Cook, Woodie
Charles, Geo. C.
Crane, Harry (2)
Connolly, F. E.
Cole, W. W.
Cassidy, Henry
Canfield, John
Canonge, L. Placide
Creswell, J. S.
Crill, M. K.
Charles, G. W.
Coleman, J. A.
Ching Loo (Fire King)
Carner, Jno. W.
Cooper, Harry
Cramer, John
Carroll & Stevens
Collom, Andy
Chaffee, Prof. G. W. 6c.
Clark, G. Brooks 6c.
Cannon, Pete (trunk comed.)
Corbyn, Harry W.
Curtis, Isaac
Cook, Martinet
Coleman, Ed.
Chaffee, Prof. G. W. 6c.
Carleton, Wm.
Dumont, Frank
De Vere, Billy
Delaro, Harry
Durand, A. F.
Delino Bros.
Davis, Lew
Dobson, Frank P (2) 3c.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dodge, Olive
Davies, E. D.
De Haven, George W.
Davenport, George
Devere, Francisco
Dixon, Thos. B.
Dupree, Charles (2)
Dunn, James, 10c.
Devine, William F.
Davenport, George
Dayton, Tommy
Dalrie, Geo.
Erskine, C. R.
Eunice, William
Eddy, Clinton
Frost, Hyatt
Fielding, Abe (magician)
Fortesque, G. K.
Frieth, J. W.
Farris, John
Fulton & Miller (2)
Foster, Ed. J.
Fulton, Edward (2)
Fulton, Robert
Gunn, W. B.
Gristo, C. B.
Goodman, Hank
Geodyear, J. A.

Gorman, Dick
Gaston, Albert
Gregory, Arthur M.
Gotthold, E. M.
Girard, Bell
Graham, James
Gibson, Charles H.
Greelock, Frank
Gorman, Eugene F.
Ghio, Jo
Garlie Frank
Gregory, Mr. (of Matthews Family
Hess, C. B.
Hudson, Harry R.
Harrison, Geo. W. (with Laura Alberta)
Henry Hi (2)
Harrison, Jas.
Hogan, Gus
Howard, Dan. P.
Haggerty, Hughey
Hurlburt, George
Hamilton, Wiley
Hassor, Wm.
Heywood, J. (Hay wood's Cmb.)
Hanley, M. W.
Harvey, J. H.
Hudson, J.
Homan, G. H.
Harrison, Frank
Harris (Dutch Comed.
Howorth, John
Height, Robert
Howard, Harry
Howell, James
Haseltine, Fred
Hall, Milo
Heathwood, Thos.
Hughes, Andy
Jones, Arnold (3)
Jepp
Johnson, Thos.
Shay, Johnny
Jones, Arnold
Kirby, Wm. Joseph
Knowles, Edwin T.
Keohi, Prof. James
Lelland, Matt (3)
Levantine, John
La Pitau, Charles E.
Lester, Billy
Lang, Jno.
Leopard, Jacob
Lloyd, Chas. E.
Lang, Ben (Dutch comique)
Lent, Jr., L. B.
Lawson, P. F.
Moore, C. F.
Morrissey, Johnny (with Cent. Park
Melville, Chas. (2)
Murphy, Paul (2)
Meyer, Frank
"Modoc Manager"
Mc Allister & Pollyʼs Minstrels
Moran, Johnny
Morton, Will H.
(with Cal Wagner
Murphy & Egbert (2)
Mack, Eddie
Moore, Master Eddie 3c.
"Manager"
McGuire, James
Matthews, C. C.
Moreland, A. C.
Mohl, manager
Murray, John H.
Montague, E. B.
Merman, Wilbur
Miller & Fulton, 3c.
Manager, Metropolitan Theatre, Albany
Magee, John
Mellen & Wilson
McCarthy, Billy
Martin, F. W.
Moore, W. (of Moore & Burgess)
Morrissey, John (minstrel)
Maddox, Geo.
Mortimer, Harry
Newton, J. G.
Nelson, Prof. R.
Nichols, Jim
O'Donohue, The
O'Bryan, Fred.
Owens, John E.
Olmenhaw, Jos.
Perry, O. P.
Peasley, John
Pritchard, Spencer
Pfaff, Henry 3c.
Perkins, Charles
Parker, Jack
Peak, E. S. (4)
Pedanto, Sig.
Perry, C. (minstrel)
Phileo, Sebastian
Purcell, W.
Phillips & White
Pope, W. H.
Perry, Richard
Parkes, R. G.

Phillips, G. (Bus. manager (2)
Phillips, Gus (Odd-ty Goofy)
Perry, O. H. (musician) (2)
Pedanto (gymnast)
Quinn, Geo. E.
Piaff, Daniel
Rivoli, Sgl. (Fire king)
Rose, Geo. L.
Romer, Fred.
Robertson, A. S.
Roberts, Billy
Ryder, Prof.
Rickey, Sam
Robinson, John F. 3c.
Rothwell, Thos. (3)
Robinson, Prof.
Jas. S.
Raymond, W. C.
Rubini, P.
Reynolds, Charley 3c.
Rogers, Loraine (2)
Ralph, Dick
Rice, Bernard (2)
Reese, Geo. M.
Reynolds, J.
Ryder, Prof. G. W.
Ross, N. C.
Rolando
Runnells, Burnell
Stein, Arthur
Shuchard, W. H.
Shay, Johnny
Schaeffer, Wm.
Stewart, J. C.
Scott, Andrew
Stetson, E. T.
Seguin, Edwd. (2)
Shimer, Jno.
Stevens, Jno. A.
Spaulding, W. P.
Shay, Johnny
Sharpley, Sam (2)
Sheridan & Mack (donough
Schlottenback, E. L.
Sands, Dick
Sanford, J. (gymnast)
Strebig, Isaac V.
Sidbury, Newton W. (2)
Snow, Dan J.
Shay, Johnny
Sanford, J. (banjoist)
Shaw, Fred T.
Turner, E. W.
Titus, Tracy, W.
Tobin, Prof. (3)
Thompson, Alex.
Thompson, John
Tobin, Prof.
Thornton, Charles
Unthank, W. C.
Vine, G.
Vincenelli, H. (2)
Vickery, Frank
Vine, Chas.
Vincenelli, Henry
Ward, C.
Weston, Bobby (2)
Ward, Prof. H.
Whitehead, John-ny
Ward, Wm. H.
Whittony, Jas. A.
Waldron, D. G.
Witzien, Chas. F.
Worthington, Mr.
Waldron, Daniel
Washburn, E. S. (3)
Western, Dick

PUNISHMENT UPON YOU, WHERE NO PUN IS MEANT. *Au contraire*, as we say in French, we'll give the scene in verse, as you shall see:

YE DRESS REHEARSAL.

"Take up that border," some one cries.
Start not, O reader true—
Although you owe a fortnight's board,
It is not meant for you.
"Pull up your grooves—close in that scene,
And don't make such a din.
Now, Jimmy, throw you're calcium on—
All ready to begin!"

"Ah, villain, do we meet again?
You thought me dead, no doubt!
But no! I live to be avenged"—
"That scene is all cut out."
"Thus with my sword"—"Where is your sword?
Here! this rehearsal stops—
I wrote distinctly on the 'call'
I wanted 'scenes and props.'"
"Scene second!" Here's a glorious form
In radiating sheen,
The dazzling beauty of the play,
Guinare the Fairy Queen.
She speaks—"My love!"—"O Mrs. Brown!
You'd drive the house insane;
Go back to where you get your cue
And try that speech again!"
So thus it goes, until at last
The spectacle is o'er,
Then stage and auditorium
Are wrapped in gloom once more;
But not for long, at night the tiers
Are clothed in brilliant dress—
The house is full from pit to dome,
The play—a grand success!

.....There are numerous good show towns throughout the country, but there is one in Vermont which outdoes all others, for it seems its citizens three dollars a year for "taking paupers to the menagerie." This is what helps to build up towns and make great cities. Right next to this town is another place, but its people are so niggardly that they won't even spend a shilling to see a show! What's the result? Why, paupers won't stay there—they go right off to the next town, where they can enjoy themselves and see the animals for nothing. When will grasping corporations learn that a free show is one of the prerogatives of a free people?.....The rival opera troupes give fair promise of swamping their empressarios. The prime donne and primo tenori, and equally well-primed bassi, are each to receive "one-half clear," and the manager is to get his expenses from what is left. So you can judge that there will be other suspensions than those of Jay Cooke, Henry Clews, etc. And so the great Max will be ruined again. Ah! these opera people have contracts and quavers other than those that appertain to them as vocalists.....*Since* the war, Charleston, S. C., has not loomed up as a home for poetry. Sometimes she sends out things that make the reader shiver like he had a bad stroke of chills. Then, again, some old-timer will be resuscitated, and *he* will dish up something real nice and encouraging. Recently, Charleston has eclipsed herself, as it were. That is, she has surpassed all former efforts, and secured for herself a niche in the temple of fame. The poem which has given Charleston such a hold on to the niche was invented and composed by a young man, whose future we dare not attempt to predict. Some men *achieve* greatness, some have it thrug at 'em, but this young man has, by a single stroke of his verse-atile pen, covered himself and Charleston with glory. At dramatic "enormous cost" we have secured a copy of this poem, which we hasten to lay before our readers:

"THE FASTEST GIRL IN CHARLESTON."

I am the fastest girl in Charleston,
As everybody knows;
When strolling on the Battery,
I never want for beaus.
The fastest boy I know I will,
I made his acquaintance at the Charleston Hotel;
He seemed to me to be my style,
So I decided not to make him my beau.

When I asked him to put up champagne,
His body did shake with dizziness,
So I concluded by that, he
Did not know his business.
So strolling in that part of town I am not very fond,
I think I'll change my quarters to the Rutledge-street Pond.

Where the swells and dashing belles a-walking
Go, to show each other their beaus.
The Battery is my chief promenade, especially
When the post band gives us a serenade;
I am on King street every evening,
Whether frost or snow,
Between Market and Liberty streets,
I am sure to meet a beau.
When I go to ball or any kind of dance,
I see those young men giving me a sly glance.

.....'Our Jim" has not improved much by his visit to Cape May, for he calls the French caricaturist at Niblo's Garden, "Bigamy," and the Madrigal boys he terms the "Mackerel Family." On being told of the Marionette exhibition at Robinson Hall, he wanted to know "what it was that Marion et that they make such a fuss about".....The late balloon trip to Europe and return is generally regarded as a Goodsell, in honor of its managers; but the manager who does *not* humbug the people, even when he has promises, is nevertheless a Mansell, as you may learn by visiting the New Lyceum Theatre.....The Bowery Theatre must be a gloomy place, for you will see Little Sunshine there.....Partners with five hundred dollars capital in hand, and an inducement to negotiate may be found in the assurance that pards with capital have the privilege of acting as treasurers. These little things go a great way to show what confidence the showman reposes in pards.....Since the financial panic set in, great fears are entertained by the managers of the same that some of our free-lunch resorts will be compelled to suspend for the want of currency. *Postscript*—We are assured that the lunch route is sound, and will continue to honor all drafts upon its cuisine.

CITY SUMMARY.

MAX MARETZEK'S Italian opera season at the Grand Opera-house will be inaugurated on Oct. 6, with "Poliuto," Pauline Lucca and Signor Tamberlik appearing in the chief roles. On the following evening Linda di Murska will sing Amina in "La Sonnambula."

KITTY SHARPE was the only fresh appearance at Tony Pastor's during the past week. She danced a jig which elicited liberal applause. All the favorite of the previous week, except Delehanty and Hengler, were retained, as appeared in a change of programme. The entertainment as a whole, being one of the best ever seen in this city, attracted a large attendance. Miss Jennie Engle sang serio-comic songs in her customary pleasing style; the Freeman Sisters performed their musical specialties; Tony Pastor sang a fresh selection of comic songs; George Thatcher repeated his comical act of "Old Uncle Ben, the Blacking Vendor;" the Fieldings their character duet called "The Tipperary Couple;" George S. Knight his excellent Dutch character songs; Ella Wesner sang character songs with much rapid, local fun; and the sketches of "The Devil Among the Tailors," "Domestic Troubles" and "A Hunt for a Father," filled out the programme. For the present week Larry Tooley, Dutch comedian; Manchester and Jennings, songand-dance; the Weston Sisters, Dutch duettists, and Hannah Birch, dancer, are to be the fresh attractions.

A CONSTANTLY INCREASING ATTENDANCE at the exhibitions of the Royal Marionettes at Robinson Hall attests the sterling merits of the performances, which to the majority of our citizens are entirely novel. We know of no entertainment that is so well adapted to the amusement of children, and we trust that the exhibition will become permanently established in this city. Remember that matinees are given every day, and that the performances conclude in ample time for residents to reach their homes at a seasonable hour. Nilsson and a party of friends were present one evening during the week.

THE AIMEE OPERA BOUFFE COMPANY closed their season at Daly's Broadway Theatre on Saturday evening, Sept. 27, having sung during the week "La Fille de Mme. Angot," Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, "La Grande Duchesse" on Wednesday evening, and "La Perichole" at the Saturday matinee, to a good attendance. This evening, Sept. 29, the regular dramatic season will be inaugurated by the performance of a novelty entitled "About Town."

NO CHANGE OCCURRED at the Lyceum Theatre during the past week, "Notre Dame" being performed to a moderate attendance. On Friday evening the Seventy-first Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., accompanied by its band of music, which performed at intervals during the evening, witnessed the performances. A change has been made in the prices. The admission to the orchestra, parquet and parquet remains unchanged, but the charges for balcony sofas has been reduced to $1.50; dress-circle to $1, and Amphitheatre stalls to 75 cents.

SIGNOR TOMASSO SALVINI made his American debut at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, Sept. 9, when Othello was performed to a very fair house. The support was as follows:

Othello	Tomasso Salvini
Iago	Alessandro Salvini
Desdemona	Isolina Piamonti
Emilia	A. Hoffman
Cassio	A. Colonello
Rabantio	L. Picinini
Roderigo	A. Fabbri
Doge of Venice	G. Baracchi
Lodovico	E. Della Seta
First Senator	G. Casali
Second Senator	A. Pimonti
Montono	G. Pesaro
Herald	L. Caracciolo
Messenger	A. Buffi
First Officer	P. Bongini
Second Officer	A. Mancini

Signor Salvini has a fine presence, a noble head, an intelligent and very mobile face, and a musical, resonant voice. It is evident that he has followed deep study upon the character of Othello. Much of his stage-business was novel, and he customed the character differently from other impersonators of the role.

WILKIE COLLINS arrived from Europe by the steamship Algeria on Sept. 19.

WILLIAM ASHCROFT and Miss Kitty Brooke, both of whom had recently returned from England, where they had been performing in the Music Halls, were the fresh appearances at the Metropolitan Theatre on Sept. 22. Mr. Ashcroft sang Irish character songs, in the first being that of a female peasant vendor, in which he had hitherto won considerable reputation in this city. On his appearance he met with a most cordial reception, and his make-up, dancing and singing alike deserve commendation. In response to encores he gave "The Irish Dancing Master," and two songs-and-dances, one Irish, the other in military character. Miss Kitty Brooke, who has a charming personal appearance, was richly and tastily costumed, and won much favor from the audience by her pleasing singing of several new serio-comic songs. A new Irish dramatic sketch, in five scenes, by Sam Rickey, entitled "Paudeen Rhue, the hero of Vinegar Hill," was the only other absolute novelty. Mr. Rickey acted the title role, but added nothing to his reputation by so doing. In eccentric Irish characters Mr. Rickey has few if any rivals, but in the conventional Irish hero, which any walking gentleman can satisfactorily personate, Mr. Rickey found no scope for the display of his peculiar abilities. Add Ryman, George Ketchum, Belle Howitt and others were seen to advantage in an adaptation by Add Ryman, entitled "Tweedledum Twitters." J. W. McAndrews performed "The Watermelon Man" and "The Charleston Gals," in which his excellence is well known; Billy Carter sang songs, with banjo accompaniment and interpolated witty remarks, most of which were fresh; Queen and West performed "Let me Be," and Master Barney sang Dutch character songs, which met with favor. The attendance during the week was excellent. A new and capacious entrance leading from Broadway to the parquet and reserved seats is now being constructed, the store numbered 567 being used for that purpose. The present entrance will be retained and used solely for the ingress and exit of the patrons of the gallery.

H. MEREDITH acted the character of Hertzog the Black Crook, in the spectacle of that name, at Niblo's Garden during the past week. That character had hitherto, from the first production of the spectacle, been impersonated by Charles H. Morton, who has now withdrawn to assume the stage-management of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Meredith's acting of the character was quite satisfactory. No other changes have occurred, and the attendance has continued quite large.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON acted at the evening performances and Saturday matinee of the past week, at Wood's Museum, in the well-known drama of "Across the Continent," which attracted a liberal attendance. Harry Clifford was seen to especial advantage in Knuckle-bone Johnny, and the other characters were acceptably impersonated. At the customary matinees a sensational drama, in a prologue and four acts, entitled "The Knaves of the Pack," constituted the attraction. On Sept. 29 T. G. Riggs is to commence an engagement, acting in J. F. Poole's drama of "Shin Fane."

"HAUNTED HOUSES, OR LONDON AND THE BUSH," a sensational drama in a prologue and four acts, by Henry J. Byron, was acted for the first time in America at the Grand Opera-house on Tuesday evening, Sept. 23, and continued during the week. "The Wandering Jew" received its last representation on Monday evening, being preceded by "A Regular Fix," which had been revived and was continued until Saturday evening, when it gave place to "The Idiot Witness." The story of the plot of "Haunted Houses" was published in THE CLIPPER shortly after its original production in London, Eng. Many of the incidents of the drama so closely resemble those in "Foul Play" as to lay the author open to a charge of plagiarism. The drama was mounted with freshly-painted scenery, and the sensational effects were accomplished without hindrance. These consisted of the sinking of a full-rigged ship, which occupied the entire stage, at the close of the second act, and the falling of some "haunted houses" at the close of the drama, both of which were natural in appearance, thrilling in effect, and elicited tumultuous applause. The cast of the drama was as follows:

Guy Mardyke	D. H. Harkins
Mr. Geoffrey Mardyke	James Taylor
Daniel Blake	Frank Hardenbergh
Pilchard	J. H. Howland
Mr. Inspector Grover	C. K. Fox
Mr. Barton	A. G. Enos
Captain Banger	C. Manley
Guinea	J. W. Jennings
Jake Coburn	Cyril Searle
O'Flaherty	W. H. Hamilton
Blackee	Sullivan
Ralph Gibson	Chas. Leclercq
Moss Morris	Geo. L. Fox
Alice	Mrs. C. M. Walcott
May Mardyke	Miss Fanny Heywood

The acting as a whole was even, thoroughly natural and highly effective. D. H. Harkins acted the hero, Guy Mardyke, in a manly, vigorous manner. James Taylor was quiet and dignified as Geoffrey Mardyke; Frank Hardenbergh achieved another success by his careful and artistic impersonation of Daniel Blake, a villain of the Uriah Heep school. C. K. Fox was quite happy in the embodiment of a policeman, Inspector Grover. C. Manley deserves much credit for his natural and life-like portraiture of Captain Banger, a sea-captain ever under the influence of liquor. J. W. Jennings depicted the idiosyncracies of the negro cook, Guinea, to the life, and elicited much laughter. Charles Leclercq as Ralph Gibson, briefly seen in the prologue, presented a bit of thoroughly artistic acting. George L. Fox found in the character of Moss Morris, a Jew dealer in second-hand clothes, considerable scope to display his comic abilities. His make-up was excellent, as also was his assumption of the cockney dialect. He infused the character with pungent humor, which became infectious to the audience, and he apparently enjoyed the fun he created, as much as his auditors. Mrs. C. M. Walcott, for some years a favorite actress with the Philadelphia audiences, made her first appearance at this theatre, acting Alice, and quickly gained the favor of the audience. She is endowed with a pleasing face, a good figure and a sweet voice. That she has unusual histrionic talent is evident that she has practiced her art in a good school. She has acquired that repose which can only be gained by long experience, her movements are easy and graceful, and her costumes appropriate, also rich and elegant when required. She is thoroughly conversant with the business of her part, imbued it with thorough earnestness. She is a decided acquisition to the metropolitan stage, and we trust that our managers will see that her services are retained here. Miss Fanny Heywood was natural and very pleasing as May Mardyke. She deserves much credit for her performance of an old maid's part. The attendance, although fair, was by no means commensurate with the merits of the performances, which may be classed among the best seen in this city.

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE the regular Fall and Winter season of the drama, under the management of William B. Freligh, was inaugurated on Sept. 22. The entire front of the theatre has been freshly painted white; the large lanterns repainted green and supplied with fresh glass; new bill-boards, ornately decorated in white and gold, placed in position; the ponderous doors of entrance to the parquet, of solid mahogany, and a row of gas jets, protected by glass globes, extending across the entire front of the theatre, has been placed in position just above the doors. The front of the theatre now presents a very light and clean appearance, and the entire lobbies and aisles in the auditorium have been covered with new cocoa matting, and the fronts of the various tiers have been freshly painted in oil, light colors being used. The private boxes have been recarpeted, papered and upholstered, while their fronts have been handsomely frescoed and decorated. The ceiling of the dome, as well as the proscenium, has been repainted, and the auditorium presents a cheerful appearance. Considerable new scenery was observed in the stage department, and we are informed that additions will be made from time to time as requirements may call for them. Numerous lobbies and officers has already been published in THE CLIPPER. Miss Ettie Henderson commenced an engagement on Sept. 22, acting in a drama, in five acts, entitled "Little Sunshine," which had been written expressly for her by Dion Boucicault from a serial story recently published in *The New York Weekly*, and was then acted for the first time in this city. The drama is far above the average sensational productions of the present day, and achieved a pronounced success. The story of the plot is clearly told, its characters well drawn, the incidents are effectively grouped; and the tableaux, which terminate the several acts, are so skillfully arranged as to elicit liberal applause and incite the spectator to demand their repetition. The drama was well mounted, and elaborate in all its details. Miss Henderson acted Lilly Davis, better known under the sobriquet of Little Sunshine, in a natural and ingenuous manner. She had evidently bestowed much thought and study upon the character, and her embodiment of her conception thereof was thoroughly acceptable. In some of the more intense scenes she was a trifle deficient in force for so large a theatre, but these instances were so few that the general effect was not marred. She won considerable applause for her correct singing in the second act. Fred. Wenzel, Billy Blair, Dick Berthelon and J. Goldrich also performed their specialties. Mr. and Mrs. Noyes and Agnes Noyes in drama, the Bernard Brothers, W. Price, Master George Thatcher, also Howard and Mack, are announced for Sept. 29.

STANDING-ROOM ONLY was the announcement at the box-office, about 8 o'clock every evening of the past week, at Bryant's Minstrels. The changes in the programme were as follows: In the first part, "The Dew is on the Flower," well sung by Charles Templeton, and "My Little One is Waiting for Me," effectively rendered by William Dwyer. In the Olio, Nelse Seymour and Bob Hart elicited peals of laughter by their humorous performances in a new sketch called "Is It Him?" Morrissy and Emerson reappeared, and performed songs-and-dances which met with favor. Unsworth, Eugene, and Con. T. Murphy created much amusement in a sketch called "Nilsson Interviewed;" and in the concluding sketch of "The Examination," Dan Bryant as the Dunce was fairly brimming o'er with wit and humor. The season has commenced most prosperously, and deservedly so, as the company is the best seen at Bryant's for years.

MISS ADA WRAY of the Theatre Comique was married on Sunday, Sept. 28, to John Wild of the same theatre, by the Rev. Dr. Houghton, at the Church of the Transfiguration, popularly known as "The Little Church Around the Corner." They will pass their honeymoon at Saratoga.

AT THE THIRTY-FOURTH-STREET THEATRE a moderate business was done during the past week, but the company, as a whole, was hardly up to the standard. Robert Elwood, the boy actor, did not meet with success, and withdrew after the performances of Friday evening. The following made their first appearances, acting in "Plot and Counterplot, or the Boy Gambler:" James H. Bennet, Edwin Wyndham, J. F. Watson, the Misses Bertie Leicester, Zillah Amoreze, Annette Hall and Olive Vain. The other features were magical feats, cleverly performed by H. J. Campbell; character songs by J. Riley; Joe Perry in songs-and-dances, which created more merriment than the performer intended; serio-comic songs by Mlle. Lucille; a very clever trapeze act by E. Clarke, his gymnastic feats being combined with contortions of the body, which were very difficult and elicited much applause; he subsequently gave a contortion act. Fred. Wenzel, Billy Blair, Dick Berthelon and J. Goldrich also performed their specialties. J. W. Jennings depicted the idiosyncracies of the negro cook, Guinea, to the life, and elicited much laughter. Charles Leclercq as Ralph Gibson, briefly seen in the prologue, presented a bit of thoroughly artistic acting. George L. Fox found in the character of Moss Morris, a Jew dealer in second-hand clothes, considerable scope to display his comic abilities. His make-up was excellent, as also was his assumption of the cockney dialect. He infused the character with pungent humor, which became infectious to the audience, and he apparently enjoyed the fun he created, as much as his auditors. Mrs. C. M. Walcott, for some years a favorite actress with the Philadelphia audiences, made her first appearance at this theatre, acting Alice, and quickly gained the favor of the audience. She is endowed with a pleasing face, a good figure and a sweet voice. That she has unusual histrionic talent is evident that she has practiced her art in a good school. She has acquired that repose which can only be gained by long experience, her movements are easy and graceful, and her costumes appropriate, also rich and elegant when required. She is thoroughly conversant with the business of her part, imbued it with thorough earnestness. She is a decided acquisition to the metropolitan stage, and we trust that our managers will see that her services are retained here. Miss Fanny Heywood was natural and very pleasing as May Mardyke. She deserves much credit for her performance of an old maid's part. The attendance, although fair, was by no means commensurate with the merits of the performances, which may be classed among the best seen in this city.

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KATE QUINTON notifies managers, through a card elsewhere, that she has been engaged for the season at the new Park Theatre, New York.

JAMES Q. PRESTON advertises that he would like to join and invest capital in a first-class dramatic company.

MISS JENNIE WALLACE is shortly to appear in a new drama written expressly for her by John Brougham, Esq., who has devoted much time and thought to the subject. The drama has just been completed, and is said to possess much merit. The initial performance of Mr. Brougham's latest effort as a playwright will be duly announced.

F. P. FERRIS' GRAND OPERA-HOUSE COMPANY performed at Anamosa, Ia., Sept. 22.

J. H. STODDART and Ringgold & Rockwell's Dramatic Company are to perform at Albany, N. Y., Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, Troy 2, 3, 4. Miss Jone Burke is recovering from her late severe illness, and is to rejoin the company at Albany.

JAMES H. WALLACE, who advertises, wants to engage a full dramatic company to support John Dillon.

MILNES LEVICK joins the Janauschek combination at Baltimore, Md., on Sept. 29.

JOHN ALLEN and Louis Zwisler are forming a combination for a tour of the country. Mr. Allen is to appear in both his white and black-faced specialties.

MAUD GRAY can be engaged to produce her specialty "The Statue of the Period" through her agent, W. Wells, whose address is care of this office.

KATIE PUTNAM'S DRAMATIC COMPANY is to play one week at Akron, O., commencing Oct. 5.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH has purchased from the executors of the estate of the late Edwin Forrest the well-known plays of "The Gladiator" and "The Broker of Bogota."

MRS. MACREADY, the well-known dramatic reader and actress, died at Marshall, near Utica, N. Y., on Sept. 20. She was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1829, and having a fondness for dramatic amusements, she placed herself under the tuition of the late Peter Richings. She made her debut on the stage of the Walnut-street Theatre, in her native city, acting Julia in "The Hunchback" and meeting with fair success. She then fulfilled a number of star engagements in the principal Western cities, but her performances, lacking that ease and grace which can only be acquired by long practice, failed to give satisfaction. She then appeared as a reader and recitationist, meeting with better success. This lady was the first person in this country to give recitals from memory of entire plays. She made tours of the United States during a number of years and visited England, where she read in the provinces. Returning to America she conceived the idea of acting Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," and, with the assistance of a dramatic company, performed that tragedy in many of the principal cities, meeting with success. During the season of 1872-3, she attempted to repeat the experiment, having added Richelieu to her repertoire, but it resulted in failure, and she retired to the house of her friends at Marshall, where she was attacked with an illness which culminated in her death.

THE GREAT WESTERN COMBINATION was at Howell, Mich., Sept. 23, 24, 25, Fenton, 26, 27, and is billed at Flint one week, during the Fair, commencing 29th; Port Huron, Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9.

G. S. CHARLES, who has been acting for some time with "Ned Buntline's" Prairie Scouts, returned to the city during the past week. He will commence a starring tour at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 27, acting in "The Skeleton Hand."

STANDING-ROOM ONLY was the announcement at the box-office, about 8 o'clock every evening of the past week, at Bryant's Minstrels. The changes in the programme were as follows: In the first part, "The Dew is on the Flower," well sung by Charles Templeton, and "My Little One is Waiting for Me," effectively rendered by William Dwyer. In the Olio, Nelse Seymour and Bob Hart elicited peals of laughter by their humorous performances in a new sketch called "Is It Him?" Morrissy and Emerson reappeared, and performed songs-and-dances which met with favor. Unsworth, Eugene, and Con. T. Murphy created much amusement in a sketch called "Nilsson Interviewed;" and in the concluding sketch of "The Examination," Dan Bryant as the Dunce was fairly brimming o'er with wit and humor. The season has commenced most prosperously, and deservedly so, as the company is the best seen at Bryant's for years.

MISS ADA WRAY of the Theatre Comique was married on Sunday, Sept. 28, to John Wild of the same theatre, by the Rev. Dr. Houghton, at the Church of the Transfiguration, popularly known as "The Little Church Around the Corner." They will pass their honeymoon at Saratoga.

AT THE THIRTY-FOURTH-STREET THEATRE a moderate business was done during the past week, but the company, as a whole, was hardly up to the standard. Robert Elwood, the boy actor, did not meet with success, and withdrew after the performances of Friday evening. The following made their first appearances, acting in "Plot and Counterplot, or the Boy Gambler:" James H. Bennet, Edwin Wyndham, J. F. Watson, the Misses Bertie Leicester, Zillah Amoreze, Annette Hall and Olive Vain. The other features were magical feats, cleverly performed by H. J. Campbell; character songs by J. Riley; Joe

week, principally owing to a surfeit of spectacular plays of late. The popular Hi Sisters are booked for a benefit on Friday evening. Frank Lawlor, the Irish comedian of Detroit next week to produce "Aladdin" and "A Tale of Enchantment." "Ned Buntline" and his Scouts appear at the Globe on the 29th for one week.

Miss Annie Firmin and John Jack were thus written about by *The Baltimorean* during their recent performances in "The New Magdalen" in Baltimore, Md.:

Mr. John Jack, ably seconded by Miss Annie Firmin, has succeeded in attracting to the Front-street Theatre this week crowded audiences every night. Mr. Jack has succeeded in wearing a very absorbing and beautiful dramatic composition. As Mercy Merrick, Miss Firmin evinced all the emotional ability of Mrs. Bowers or Jane Coombs. Her stage presence is magnificent. To a pretty face, queenly bearing and wealth of rich blonde hair she adds a wardrobe combining the richness of Kellog's and the tidiness and taste of Nilsson's. As Julian Gray, Mr. Jack displayed all the qualities of a cultured mind and perfect conception. His figure is commanding, and his facial contour manly and intellectual.

"Daniel Boone," a new work by a Baltimore playwright, was brought out at Ford's Grand Opera-house, in that city, on Sept. 22. It is in five acts, and is a sensation frontier drama, with a few of those domestic and idyllic tints that characterize "Davy Crocket," though in the main the two plays are very different in style, wrote our correspondent on Sept. 27, further remarking:

Daniel Boone, though limned a hardy backwoodsman in stirring colors, is simply a leading legitimate role. The occurrences of the first act are located in Virginia, and those of the second in Kentucky. Time, 1775-81. It has but a trivial plot, the action taking place being merely a stitching of the fortunes and misfortunes, trials and vicissitudes, of a band of pioneers, including one female, who are frequently annoyed by meddlesome Indians, redcoats and regulars. The first incident is the burning of an old Virginia homestead. There is a single scene to each act, excepting the second, which has three. Some of the situations are quite effectively managed, but the language is commonplace and the interest is not uniformly maintained. It met with a fair share of success, however, although the audiences were not large, which is chiefly attributable to the fact that there was a mammoth circus and menagerie in town. The acting was generally good, and the setting was simply perfect. Mr. Harris filled the title role in an able and pleasing manner. Mark M. Price, in the unenviable character of Simon Girty, was thoroughly good. Likewise that old reliable, Edward Varrey, as Callaway. The humorous element enters but incidentally into the play, but that little was quite well attended to by James Hodges as the Doctor. J. Fitzpatrick as Reynolds, W. H. Burton as Colonel Hastings, and Miss Alice Brooks as Rebecca, were satisfactory in their several parts. Madame Janauschek commences a week's engagement Sept. 29; John E. Owens, Oct. 6; Lotta, Oct. 13. ..... The arrivals at the Front-street Theatre on Sept. 22 were: Blanche Selwyn, Cogill and Cooper, Mons. and Mme. Loyal, the Stuart Sisters, and the Remmelsberg Sisters. Mons. Loyal, assisted by his wife, performed some astonishing feats on the flying trapeze. The Stuart Sisters, two tall blondes, appeared in vocal and terpsichorean duets, and met with favor. Their dancing is excellent, their singing tolerable, and their style minty. Cogill and Cooper are first-class song-and-dance men. Blanche Selwyn's swell-character change business notches up high. The Remmelsbergs, old favorites here, appeared in a couple of new ballets called "La Mazourka" and "The Naiad's Dream," arranged by Mons. A. Grossi. The entertainment wound up with a nautical drama entitled "The Spectre of the Wreck." Business has been fair. Charlotte Stanley opens on Sept. 29 in "Crime." Oct. 6, "The Twelve Temptations."

Lawrence Barrett's performance of Hamlet is thus eulogized by *The Pittsburgh Telegraph* of Sept. 24:

A large audience enjoyed this performance at the Opera-house last evening, and the close attention with which it followed the play, and the discriminating applause at frequent intervals, spoke for its intelligence. Mr. Barrett's Hamlet is a more enjoyable performance than his Richelieu, and he had the advantage of a better distributed support in the more difficult play of the two to properly place on the stage. Mr. Barrett steered clear of the cold, impassive, stalking conception of Hamlet Booth, and did his best to give a flesh-and-blood representation of the melancholy and soliloquizing Dane, wherever he could make the great to tell. His success was great in this respect, and the audience appreciated it; for with all their sympathies and reverence for the traditional Hamlet, people are glad to catch glimpses of a humanity animated by the same passions of love, hatred and revenge that run through all of Adam's descendants. Mr. Barrett gave them this. His rendering of the recitative parts of the play was very fine; his enunciation is remarkably distinct, and it would be perfection almost if his voice were more mellow or soft. Still he has the advantage of making his conception of the meaning of the great author clear to all, and that is more material than even the power to charm the ear by softer or more musical notes. As he gives Hamlet it is instructive to the student, and we can hardly conceive a better lesson in elocution and the hidden meaning of Shakespeare, than his rendition of the part addressed to a theatre full of more advanced school boys and girls, such as frequent the High School building. We have had our misfortunes, trials and vicissitudes, of a band of pioneers, including one female, who are frequently annoyed by meddlesome Indians, redcoats and regulars. The first incident is the burning of an old Virginia homestead. There is a single scene to each act, excepting the second, which has three. Some of the situations are quite effectively managed, but the language is commonplace and the interest is not uniformly maintained. It met with a fair share of success, however, although the audiences were not large, which is chiefly attributable to the fact that there was a mammoth circus and menagerie in town. The acting was generally good, and the setting was simply perfect. Mr. Harris filled the title role in an able and pleasing manner. Mark M. Price, in the unenviable character of Simon Girty, was thoroughly good. Likewise that old reliable, Edward Varrey, as Callaway. The humorous element enters but incidentally into the play, but that little was quite well attended to by James Hodges as the Doctor. J. Fitzpatrick as Reynolds, W. H. Burton as Colonel Hastings, and Miss Alice Brooks as Rebecca, were satisfactory in their several parts. Madame Janauschek commences a week's engagement Sept. 29; John E. Owens, Oct. 6; Lotta, Oct. 13. ..... The arrivals at the Front-street Theatre on Sept. 22 were: Blanche Selwyn, Cogill and Cooper, Mons. and Mme. Loyal, the Stuart Sisters, and the Remmelsberg Sisters. Mons. Loyal, assisted by his wife, performed some astonishing feats on the flying trapeze. The Stuart Sisters, two tall blondes, appeared in vocal and terpsichorean duets, and met with favor. Their dancing is excellent, their singing tolerable, and their style minty. Cogill and Cooper are first-class song-and-dance men. Blanche Selwyn's swell-character change business notches up high. The Remmelsbergs, old favorites here, appeared in a couple of new ballets called "La Mazourka" and "The Naiad's Dream," arranged by Mons. A. Grossi. The entertainment wound up with a nautical drama entitled "The Spectre of the Wreck." Business has been fair. Charlotte Stanley opens on Sept. 29 in "Crime." Oct. 6, "The Twelve Temptations."

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MUSICAL.

Smith's Bellringers and Charley Harrison, humorist, performed at Earlville, Ill., Sept. 22, Plano 23, Sandwich 24, Amboy 25, 26, Mendota 27, and are to show at Minonk 29, Wenona 30, Oct. 1, 2.

The Aimee Opera Bouffe Troupe open at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 29th of September, for one week. "La Fille de Madame Angot" will be produced for the first time in Philadelphia on the 29th and 30th of September, followed by "La Grande Duchesse," "La Perichole," "Orphee Aux Enfers" and "La Belle Helene."

The Grand English Opera Troupe, under the direction of C. D. Hess and Maurice Grau, will inaugurate their first season on the 6th of October at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on which occasion "Faust" will be produced, with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg as Marguerite, and a strong cast. "Maritana," "Martha," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Fra Diavolo" and "Rigoletto" will constitute the repertoire for the balance of the inaugural week.

At Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, selections from popular operas are given nightly, under the musical direction of Albert Sartori.

At Concert Hall, Philadelphia, commencing Nov. 3, will be a series of the "Old Folks' Concerts" by a troupe headed by Caroline Richings.

The Royal Bavarian Military Band were to have given two public concerts at Chicago, Ill., on Sept. 27, 28.

The original Peak Family, Swiss bellringers, performed during a portion of the past week at Barnesville, O., and opened at Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 27.

Berdle's Swiss Bellringers performed at Richfield Spa, N. Y., Sept. 22, and their route is south into Pennsylvania.

The Peak and Praeger Families, bellringers, performed at Titusville, Pa., Sept. 26, 27, and are billed at Erie 29, 30, Westfield, N. Y., Oct. 1, Fredonia 2, Dunkirk 3, Conneaut, O., 4, Crestline 6, Galion, 7, Marion 8, Bellefonte 9, Lima 10, Van Woort 11, Fort Wayne, Ind., 13, 14, Logansport 17, 18.

The Mancusi Opera Troupe at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, Cal., sang "Il Trovatore" on Sept. 14, "Ernani" on the 15th, "Crispino" on the 16th, and "Lucia" on the 17th. Miss Agatha Mandeville (late States) and Signor Orlandini were to have made their first appearance on the 22d in "The Barber."

The Beethoven Quintet Club of Boston, Mass., are to give concerts at Montreal, Canada, Sept. 29, 30.

The Alleghanians gave their artistic and highly enjoyable entertainments at Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., on Sept. 26, 27.

Miss Henri Drayton (widow of the late Henri Drayton of operatic fame) has taken up her residence in Detroit, Mich., where she will be pleased both to hear from and see her professional friends.

Edward Sr. Germain's Minstrels opened in the Dearborn, Mich., Sept. 27, and are billed at Wayne 29, Plymouth 30, Northville Oct. 1, Milford 2, Holly 4. In the party are J. R. St. Clair and Frank T. Howard, proprietors; Geo. F. Durand, musical director; C. A. Ockford, agent; Miss Eva Kellogg, Mr. Dide Phipany and Charles Carlton.

Watts & Gwynne, of Bonham, see insert in another column a list of songs, of which they are the publishers.

The Mazurette Classic Concert Troupe, consisting of Mons. S. Mazurette, pianist and director; Richard Luderer, violinist; Will H. Stanley, tenor; Ambrose Lloyd, basso, and Miss Ivy E. Daisie Barlow, San Francisco, prima soprano; Miss Agnes Allison, soprano balladist, all under the business management of T. W. Martin, inaugurated a Canadian tour at London, Oct. 1, thence to Ingersoll, 2, Woodstock 3, Brantford 4, Stratford 6, Goderich 7, St. Mary's 8, Toronto 17, 18.

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore received a farewell benefit testimonial in the form of a concert at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre on Sunday evening, Sept. 28. It was tendered him by the entire musical profession of that city. Mr. Gilmore is about to take up his residence in New York City.

VARIETY HALLS.

The new faces at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, O., the past week were Oscar Willis, the Collyer Brothers, Hattie Rogers, Gussie Lamareaux, Tillie Bonton and Master Eddie. Owing to the severe indisposition of Dan Collyer, his brother Eddie has been obliged to do his acts alone. Annie Clarke and Marie Nichols close Sept. 27. Carrie and Frank Lavarnie open Sept 29.

Ritty's Opera-house, Dayton, O., is to reopen Oct. 2, with the following people: J. Ritty & Co., proprietors and managers; Wm. H. Hicks, business and stage manager; Billy Ray, comedian; Master Ray, song-and-dance; Johnny H. Emerson, comedian; Cincinnatus, song-and-dance; Miss Anna La Grange, dancer; Georgie Ricardo, serio-comic; the Clifford Sisters, ballad singers; Prof. Lazarus, leader of orchestra; and H. Myers, pianist.

The Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., was largely attended during the past week, the attraction being the presentation of McKenna's sensational drama, "Crime, or the Car-hook Tragedy." Miss Charlotte Stanley made her first appearance in this city as Madge, and created a favorable impression by her spirited acting. Annette Galetti having been engaged to replace the Remmelsburg Sisters as leading dancer in the ballet, appeared on Sept. 22, and seems to have improved in style and dancing since she was last here. The departures on the 27th were Miss Stanley to Baltimore, Otto Burbank and John Reese to the Opera-house, Baltimore, and Harry Hart, not known. Prof. Richards and Guilfoil and Rourke are to appear on the 29th. ..... James Roche, song-and-dance man, was the only new face at the Metropolitan Theatre. The departures on the 27th were Celia Ilferd to Syracuse, Pat Rooney and Harry Gardiner to Philadelphia. Business fair. Frank Bell and the Lopez Family of gymnasts, six in number, are billed to appear on the 29th." So reports our correspondent.

Three first-class variety ladies are wanted for McDaniel's Theatre, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, to open Oct. 7. Address as per advertisement.

E. Jump, caricaturist, whose address is care of this office, can be engaged.

Prof. Richards, the man-fish, who is at present performing at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., advertises that he will be at liberty after Dec. 8.

The Hancouers, operatic duettists and burlesque artists, will arrive from Europe about Oct. 14, and will be prepared to accept engagements after the 26th. For further particulars see card in another column.

P. T. Barnum's Drawing-Room Aggregation gave their first performance, prior to their starting upon a traveling tour, at the Opera-house, Bridgeport, Ct., on Sept. 22. Our correspondent, writing on the 23d, says: "Long before the curtain rose the house was filled to suffocation, nearly two-thirds of the seats having been taken before the day of the performance. The evening entertainment commenced with the recitation of a prologue in a very pleasing manner by Miss Emma Grattan, which was received with frequent applause. After this Harry Bryant appeared in his ventriloquial specialties, being very fairly done. John Morris in his 'Mystic Changes' was as mystical as ever. Herr Springer and Fraulein Teresa then sang the 'Cat Duet,' which received liberal applause. Delehanty and Hengler in their repertoire of new songs-and-dances fairly outdid themselves, responding to numerous encores. O'Reardon's Tumbleronicon was as musical as ever. Howe, the caricaturist, drew instantaneous portraits of Barnum and Butler, which bore striking resemblance to the originals, and were loudly applauded. Fraulein Terese sang with pleasing effect a little ballad. Kirvan played a flute solo, while 'Americus' presented his specialty in a very fine manner. The Majiltons in 'Les Trois Diables' were the same as of old, being too well-known to need any comment. The entertainment concluded with the Raynors, musical clowns. They played different kinds of instruments in a very acceptable manner, producing, however, nothing new. Taking the whole show altogether, it is first-class, and will, probably, be as successful as the proprietor's previous ventures have been. On the day of the performance the whole company were entertained several hours at Walcutt's, the home of the great showman, at his invitation."

Sig. Donato, the one-legged dancer, can be engaged through his agents, Messrs. Sanford & Weaver.

The Cello Brothers, trapeze performers and aerial gymnasts, can be addressed as per advertisement.

W. H. Dunmore, fancy stare-drummer, advertises for engagements.

The Gleasons—Alice and Charley—vocalists, etc., are at present performing at Barton Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., where they can be addressed. Managers are also referred to several press extracts published in another column.

Variety artists are wanted for Kelley's Opera-house, Binghamton, N. Y. Address as per card elsewhere.

Variety performers are wanted for the Vandeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky. See advertisement.

Sharpley, Sheridan & Mack's Combination is to perform at Williamsport, Pa., Sept. 27, 28, 29, Elmira, N. Y., 30, Owego, Oct. 1, Binghamton 2, 3, Ithaca 4, 5, 6, Watertown 7, 8, Oswego 9, Syracuse 10, Auburn 11, 12, 13. Charles H. Day joins them on Oct. 6 as business agent.

At Lane's Theatre Comique, Scranton, Pa., business has been good the past week. The new faces for Sept. 29 are to be Willie Linden, Jimmie Reynolds and Allie Drayton. Mr. Lane will open a variety theatre on Oct. 6 at what was known as Meyer's Opera-house, Wilkesbarre.

At the Dominion Theatre, Montreal, Canada, the new faces the past week were the Foy Sisters, Mlle. Leslie, Dan Devere, Louis Kline, Achille Philion and C. Horrell. The Foy Sisters are graceful dancers, and having rich, clear voices, their duets were given with pleasing effect. Mlle. Leslie, Dan Devere, in his banjo solo and Ethiopian comicalities, was good, several of his jokes being new and racy. The wire act by Achille Philion, and acrobatic performances of Louis Kline and Achille Philion, were well done. The Arnold Brothers in their songs-and-dances are rapidly becoming great favorites. Mlle. Leslie is a pretty and graceful dancer. Business continues good, and full houses have been the rule. The Zanfretta Troupe are engaged for next (this) week. So reported our correspondent on Sept. 25.

At the Oxford, Pittsburgh, Pa., the departures of the past week were Annie Claire to Norfolk, Va., Lizzie Johnson to Wheeling, W. Va., and James O'Neal to Mortimer's, Philadelphia, Pa. Those announced for the 29th are Mary Aline, serio-comic; Clara Belmont, Josie Howard, change artist; and the California Boys, song-and-dance.

The following marriages are reported to have taken place in Pittsburgh, Pa., during the past week: all the ladies being members of the company at the Oxford Concert Hall: Eva Loretta, dancer, to Harry Smith, barkeeper; Lizzie Johnson to Robert Reed, barkeeper; and Annie Claire to Mr. Oppenheimer.

Miss Lizzie Mitchell has brought a libel suit which she brought against the Kernan Brothers of the Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., has *not* been dropped, as stated by our correspondent in our past issue. With regard to being "discharged for incompetency," she expresses the belief that "the discharge was in consequence of her refusal to entertain the patrons of the establishment in the barroom connecting with the stage, there being no clause in her engagement requiring her so to do, and for resenting the attempted familiarities of a person who claimed to be a newspaper correspondent."

George M. Kelley the champion vaulter is managing a variety theatre at Binghamton, N. Y. The company during the past week consisted of George W. Wray, stage-manager; Harry Madden, C. M. Clark, Sallie King, Annie Livingston, Cora Cushman and Little Clara. Harry Madden closed on Sept. 27, and Charley Barrett is to commence on the 29th.

The Varieties, at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on Sept. 22, was Miss Lizzie Mitchell, an old favorite, who met with a very flattering reception. The orchestra of this house has been improved of late, and is now under the direction of Mr. C. C. Thatcher. On the 29th, Clara Burton, Lew. Spencer, Agnes May, Maggie Nichols, Fannie West and Harry Wilkinson are announced to appear. Mr. B. C. Hart is again officiating as stage-manager.

Despite the great counter-attraction in Buffalo, N. Y., Shelby's Comique was well filled nightly the past week. The arrivals Sept. 22 were Celia Berry, May Heuning, Minnie Baker, Minnie Burns and Dan Guilfoyl, who were favorably received in their specialties. The departures on the 27th were Gnirado Brothers and Minnie Gray to Welch's, Detroit; Gus Mills to Wild's, Syracuse, for the season. Arrivals on the 29th, Mlle. Geretta and Edward Monts, gymnasts. Chas. Worley takes a benefit Oct. 3. Manager Shelby is rapidly recovering from his recent accident. ... The Mozart Varieties opened for the season Sept. 20 with the following company: Eddie Vaughn, Harry Martin, Carrie Blake, Millie Barton, and Sage Richardson, Nat. Blossom, Walter Gale and Harry Gurr. F. Engel is manager; Sage Richardson, stage-manager; and Prof. Miller, leader of orchestra. The attendance was large throughout the week and the performances were first-class. Harry and Fanny Martin and Millie Barton, a new team, are announced to appear on the 29th. So reported our correspondent on Sept. 27.

At Deagle's, St. Louis, Mo., the attractions during the past week have been numerous, and have drawn fair audiences each night, wrote our correspondent on Sept. 24, further remarking: "Juliet Kent, comic vocalist and dramatic performer, a fresh appearance, proved quite an acquisition to the already strong company. A new ballet under the supervision of Sig. Constantine has proved efficient and attractive. During the Fair week, which commences Oct. 6, 'The Female Forty Thieves' will be presented. ..... At the Theatre Comique, John Goodman, comic vocalist and bone and castanet performer, was the new arrival on the 22d, and gave evident satisfaction, being frequently applauded. Miss Frank Christie, dancer, was engaged for a short season, to commence on the same date, but failed to appear, neglecting to give any reason therefore. Business has been steadily increasing since the opening, and Manager Mitchell seems determined to make it one of the best variety theatres in the West. Hogan and Mudge, song-and-dance; Viola Clifton, character and change artiste; Charlie Gardner, Dutch comedian; and Sig. Columbus, contortionist, are underlined for Sept. 29. Frank and Carrie Lavarnie close Sept. 27, going to Toledo, O."

Lucy Adams and Guy Linton, character vocalists, etc., have been engaged for the season at the new Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., the former for chambermaids and the latter for low comedy business.

Lo Lo and the De Glorion Brothers, gymnasts, etc., inform managers that they will be at liberty to accept engagements in two months. Performers are also referred to their card in another column.

Charley Gardner advertises for serio-comic vocalists and a first-class violinist.

The Wallace Family, gymnasts, are at present performing at Smith's Opera-house, East Saginaw, Mich., where they can be addressed.

Performers are wanted for Frank Howe's American Theatre Comique, Baltimore, Md., which will be opened on Oct. 6. Address as per advertisement.

Prof. G. W. Snyder, who advertises, wants to engage variety artists and musicians.

A property man, also a scenic artist who can act, are wanted at the Academy of Music, Grand Rapids, Mich., as per advertisement.

At Smith's Opera-house, East Saginaw, Mich, the chief features during the past week were the Victorwell Family, gymnasts and acrobats; Susie Starr, dancer; Blanche Castle and the Clair Sisters, the latter opening on Sept. 25.

Mlle. Fontainebleau, gymnast, celing walker, etc., is at present performing at the Theatre Comique, Bloomington, Ill., where she can be addressed by managers of similar houses in want of her.

The Martens Family, who have just concluded a successful engagement at Aiken's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., advertise that they are at liberty to negotiate with responsible managers.

The Travis Sisters, trapeze artists, contortionists etc., can be engaged through their agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

Jake Berry, whose address find elsewhere, has a lot of music for sale.

James Rowland, trapeze and horizontal-bar performer, is at present engaged at the Academy of Music, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Detroit, Mich., Theatre Comique forces were increased on Sept. 22 by Ella Arnold, a fine vocalist; Nellie Howard, jiggist, also Hogan and Mudge, who made a hit in their double acts and clogs. They close the 27th, going to St. Louis. Little Josie and J. Carton also close, going to Toronto. On the 29th, Minnie Guy, song-and-dance, and the Ginrado Brothers, acrobats, are announced.

A leader of orchestra and band, two ladies who can sing, and an advance agent, are advertised for by managers.

The Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., has little Jennie Yeamans as the star this week, in the new play of "The Italian Padrone, or the Slaves of the Harp." Andy Hughes is now one of the company.

Managers desiring to secure the Remmelsburg sisters, premiere danseuses, for vacant dates from Nov. 10, can address as per card in another column.

The Concordia Varieties, Albany, N. Y., which our correspondent reported as having been opened by Henshaw & Wass on Sept. 15, collapsed on the 23d for want of patronage.

The arrivals at the Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., on Sept. 22 were William Watson, who joined Prof. Richards the man-fish in his aquarian act; George Warren, Ethiopian comedian and banjoist; and Gilfoil and Rourke, double song-and-dance performers. The attendance has been quite liberal. Charles Gardner, Emma Gardner, Gilfoil and Rourke, Prof. Richards and Wm. Watson, close 27th, the last four going to the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C. Otto Burbank and Johnny Reese are to open 29th. ..... At Raiber's Odeon Varieties business continues satisfactory. The company embraces George La Hall, stage-manager; Geo. Kurtz, Sam. Orme, R. E. Rhodes, Nellie Lorker, Lillie Raymond, Ada Freeman, Clara May, Clara Moore and Maggie Stanley. The departures to-night will be Sam. Orme, to Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., and Clara Moore and Maggie Stanley, both to Estephe's National, Harrisburg, Pa. Frank Gayton and Emma Gertrude are underlined for Sept. 29. ..... The New American Theatre, at the corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, is to be resuscitated on or about Oct. 6. Frank Howe undertaking the management. ..... Charley Gardner designs going forth with a traveling combination in a week or two. So reported our correspondent on Sept. 27.

The Girards, grotesque dancers, who are at present performing at the Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., where they can be addressed, are very favorably spoken of by *The Chicago Times*, as will be seen by an extract published in our advertising department.

Arthur Mullin opened the Odeon Varieties, No. 236 North Second-street, Philadelphia, on the 27th of September, with a free concert.

The programme at Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia, during the week ending Sept. 20, was enjoyed by large audiences. Lew and Frank Collins, Charles T. Ellis and Johnny Shay, were the new appearances. The former two displayed their proficiency in songs-and-dances to great advantage, while Ellis earned much applause for the capital manner in which he rendered his Dutch songs. Johnny Shay's clever song-and-dances, and Nick Woodland's trained dogs, were other salient features. Mr. J. W. Wallace will produce this week his sensational drama of "Foot to Foot," and Jas. O'Neil, Irish comedian, and Miss Sadie Brant, serio-comic vocalist, open here Sept. 29. Blanche Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shaw, and Randall and St. Clair, commence engagements October 6.

At the Grand Central, Philadelphia, Adolph Kemp, the only new appearance, dexterously performed some daring aerial feats. The act of "The Four Prophets," by Reynolds, Kernell, White and Richmond, made a decided hit, being in the highest degree diverting. The drama of "From the Altar to the Scaffold" concluded the entertainment, in which Frank Frayne, besides affording a display of histrionic talent, as Joe Snakes, indulges in a very clever feat of marksmanship. Miss Clara Butler, Frank Frayne and George White closed Sept. 27. Miss Sophia Elma, the Freeman Sisters, the Zitella Troupe, the Clinetop Sisters, and Walters and Morton, commence engagements at this theatre on the 29th of September, when it will be produced for the first time the spectacular ballet of "The Warriors of Zahara" and the local drama of "The Working Girls of Philadelphia."

Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, was well attended during the week ending Sept. 27. Miss Kitty Whitland and Jule Keen were the new appearances. Miss Whitland acquitted herself with much credit in her serio-comic vocalism and songs-and-dances. Jule Keen also earning much applause in his Dutch specialties. The new local drama of "Philadelphia by Gaslight" concluded the evening's performance, Dan Howard giving a good Irish boy, acting as a Simmer, and the fine scene evoked the loudest tokens of approbation. Jule Keen concluded his engagement on the 27th of September. Mlle. Ida Idalie, premiere danseuse; Harry Armstong and Mast. James Sheeran, Ethiopian comedians, and E. C. Walton in his sensational drama of "The Double Crime," will commence on the 29th of September.

An excellent programme was offered the past week, at Acker's Varieties, Troy, N. Y., the prominent features of which were an amusing sketch called 'La Sonnambula,' in which Jimmy Welch, Jack Noon, George Guyand, Ella Raymond appeared, and created considerable laughter. Signor Pedanto, walked the ceiling head downward—a daring feat. Lottie Antonio sang a budget of new songs admirably. Jack Noon and Jimmy Welch, in their specialties, were excellent. Ella Raymond, in her songs, takes well. Little Florence in her serio-comic songs did not give entire satisfaction. Jimmy Welch in an act called 'Handy Andy' made a hit. The following are the departures on Sept. 27: Ella Raymond, Georgie May and Little Florence, who open in Rondout on the 29th, and Lottie Antonio, for Syracuse. Coming on the 29th—Eddie Vaughn and Annie Tommy and Belle Minnett. Business continued excellent throughout the week. ..... Cool White is to be stage-manager of the new Trojan Comique, which opens next month, under management of Col. O'Brien. So wrote our correspondent on Sept. 27.

At Wild's Opera-house, Little Rock, Ark., business has improved. Among the new faces are Chas. O. White, who on account of the prevalence of "Yellow Jack" in Memphis, Tenn., has closed his Opera-house and is now stage-manager for Wild; Grace Garland, dancer; Stella Moore and Alice Le Claire, vocalists; Allie Love, serio-comic; Reynolds, Dutch and Irish comedian. Annie Hindle is the stellar attraction. Donaldson, Taylor and Weston are good in their lines and continue with the company. Mlle. Certio, transformation dancer, is billed to appear Sept. 29. So reported our correspondent on Sept. 24.

At the Rondout, N. Y., Opera-house the Hawley Brothers closed on Sept. 27, going to Troy, N. Y., Oct. 6, also Carrie Woods and Johnny Whitney, who go to Washington, D. C., for four weeks. Those announced for the 29th are Hughey Haggerty, Billy Chase, Ella Raymond, Georgie May, Laura Webb and Little Daisy in his act.

Lorento, who advertises, wants to engage a lady to learn double-trapeze business.

The Lulu Combination is to perform at Montgomery, Ala., Oct. 1.

Miss Fanny Deane and Johnny Bartley were the new arrivals at the Vandeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on Sept. 22, states our correspondent, under date of Sept. 25; and he further reports as follows: "Miss Maggie Gray, whose engagement did not terminate until the 27th, left rather suddenly on Monday, for St. Louis, but her place was satisfactorily filled by Fanny Deane, who is very good in serio-comic vocalism and songs-and-dances. As an actress in farces, Johnny Bartley is a comedian of merit, and as a bone player has few superiors; his bone solo is amusing as well as entertaining. Miss Bessie Crosby (lately from England) has made quite a hit in her songs; she has a rich voice, which, we should judge, has undergone a careful training. Henri Family, Frankie Berkley, Johnny Manning, and Marsh Adams still continue to receive merited applause. Several burlesques are shortly to be brought out, under the direction of Stage-manager Berkley, and we look for something good, judging from past experience. Prof. Snyder's Ethiopian opera this week. On the 29th Monticello and Masteleo, gymnasts, open, and negotiations are on foot for several more arrivals. Business continues fair."

Our Pittsburgh, Pa., advices of Sept. 26 contain the appended summary of variety news: "The Ventini Troupe, consisting of Zulieta, Mons. Ventini, Andy Morris and E. H. Trainer; Lulu Delmay, Foley and Wade, Miss Ella Arlington and George Arlington, were the new people at the Varieties Theatre on Sept. 22. Mlle. Zulieta and Mons. Ventini are very clever aerial performers. The lady has a handsome face and figure, and does her work with celerity and grace. She displays wonderful strength in her limbs. The songs of Lulu Delmay are received with favor, and justly so, as they are given with unusual spirit, and show much care and proficiency. Foley and Wade, both as song-and-dance artists and comedians, are in advance of the average class of performers; there is novelty and originality in nearly everything they introduce, and their various acts are provocative of a deal of mirth. Ella Arlington is pretty, dresses unusually well, and sings moderately well. Mlle. Zulieta and Mons. Ventini also appear as hat spinners, in which performance they evince unusual skill. Sophie Elma's new songs are rendered so artistically as to win for her continued popularity. The pantomime of 'Cinderella' was presented on the evening of the week, with Andy Morris, Mons. Ventini, E. H. Trainer and Mlle. Zulieta in the principal characters. Sophie Elma closes on the 27th. John Gilbert and O'Donohue put in an appearance on the 29th. ..... Sallie Mason, Dolly May, Malinda Nagle and George Wilson were the new people at the Fred. Allen's American Theatre on Sept. 22. Miss Mason dresses elegantly, and her vocalization is tolerably fair. Miss May is rather pretty, and sings acceptably. Miss Nagle's terpsichorean efforts are received with favor. George Wilson is a specialty artist of merit. His clodpet Irishman is unusually droll, and his Irish acts, and relished by the audiences. Sig. Donato introduces songs with his dances this week, and when it is remembered that the gentleman has but one leg, his performances are remarkable. His time is excellent, and his evolutions are very rapid. The Reynolds Brothers continue favorites, and it is at times impossible for them to respond to the numerous encores of the audiences. The specialties of the Carrolls continue to meet with marked favor, and the gymnastic feats of Mlle. Zitella and the Varella Brothers obtain deserved applause. The Carrolls go to Washington after the 27th; Zitella Troupe and Varella Brothers to the Grand Central, Philadelphia, and Sig. Donato to Baltimore. Those opening on Sept. 29 are George S. Knight, Lola Mattice and the Arnold Brothers."

First-class variety or dramatic stars desiring engagements at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., are requested to address Col. Wm. E. Sinn, as per advertisement.

Morrissey & Moore's Harp of Erin will be at Newport, N. H., Oct. 1, 2, Claremont 3, 4, Rutland, Vt., 6, 7. A pianist, who is well up in variety business, is wanted to travel with this panorama.

O. H. Snively, who advertises, wants to engage a variety company for the Theatre Comique, Columbus, O.

At Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., Miss Fanny Davenport, Annie Clare and Casselletti are to appear on Sept. 29, and Sam R. Orme on the 30th.

Variety news in Boston Mass., is thus reported by our correspondent, under date of Sept. 28:

One of the strongest entertainments of the season was that given the past week at the Howard Athenæum. It opened with that admirable burlesque "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which has been a favorite with so many happy memories of the old Selwyn's Theatre. In it Miss Elise Holt made her first appearance in Boston since her return from Europe, and was the star of Darnley. She was warmly received, and her singing and dancing throughout the evening met with hearty applause. She has grown somewhat stouter since she was last here, but has lost none of her old agility, and her first support was quite good. Leffingwell was especially engaged for Queen Katharine. Ada Richmond enacted Constance successfully, and sang with her usual excellence. Lillie Hall was a satisfactory Suffolk. George H. Coes as King Henry acted fairly, and his fine baritone voice did rare service in the concerted music. Harry Bloodgood made capital fun as Louis, and Jane Coes as Mopsa by the cripple was successful. Josie Newman looked pretty as Anna Boleyn. The burlesque terminated with an allegorical Tableau—Spring, during which the entire vocal strength of the company, including the fine Boston Quartet, sang "Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring." After the burlesque came the wonderful Jakley Troupe of acrobats, who, on this occasion, made their first appearance in America, at this theatre. The troupe is composed of ten members, ranging in size from a full-grown man of thirty-five to the little tot of five or six. Their accomplishments are so numerous that it would be impossible to describe them here. All the wonderful feats of flying, leaping, double somersaults, contortion, etc., are executed with an ease

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The piece is unquestionably one of the best of its class that we have had from the pen of an American dramatist.—GLOBE, Sept. 16.
Few plays draw such a wide circle of spectators. One may see in the front seats those who are always present during the opera, while the gallery is frequented by hundreds who never attend the theatre except when Chanfrau is on the stage. Probably no other actor except Mr. Jefferson appeals alike to the parquet, the balcony and the gallery. He is applauded from all parts of the house, and the same tableau sets the kid gloves in motion on the floor and is followed by the shrill calls from the amphitheatre.—ADVERTISER, Sept. 16.
The average evening attendance foots up about 4,000 persons, and the nightly receipts must be largely in excess of half that number of dollars from the prices charged for seats. The exact figures are "what no fellah can find out." The star shares after a week is reduced for the running expenses of the theatre, and his share for the week will allow of the purchase of half-a-dozen corner lots, provided not more than a thousand dollars each are asked for them. At popular prices the receipts are the largest ever taken at this theatre, and it is doubtful if any artist on the American stage can show so profitable an exhibit for one week as that which Mr. Canfrau will record for the one just closed here.—BOSTON HERALD, Sept. 16.
MR. CHANFRAU remains at the Boston Theatre until Oct. 4. Will appear at the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, Oct. 20, and at Booth's Theatre, New York, during the holidays. 26-2t

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